

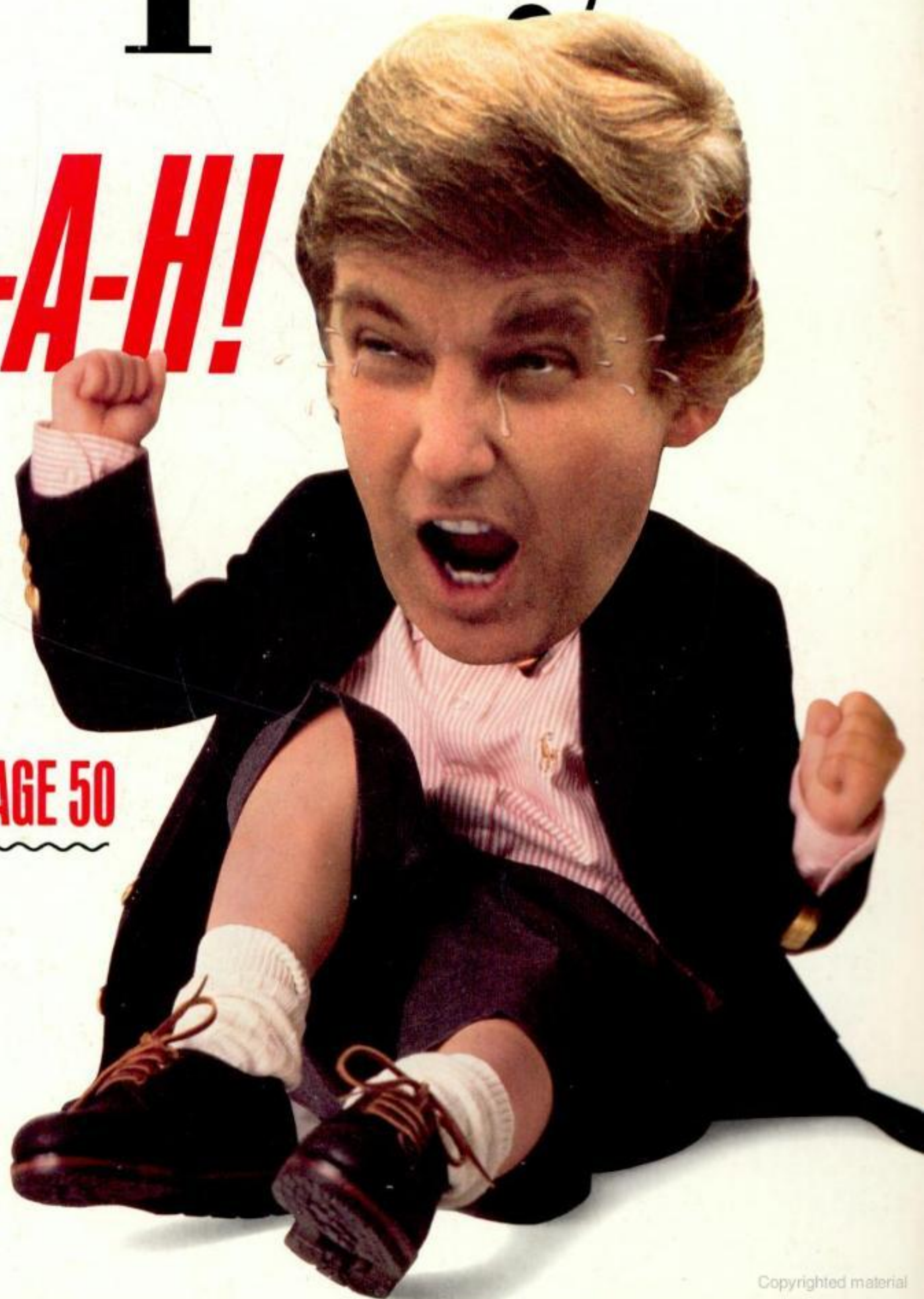
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SPY

WA-A-A-A-H!

Little Donald— Unhappy at Last

TRUMP'S FINAL DAYS, PAGE 50



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1990

THE COVER

Photographed by Carolyn Jones (body) and Peter Morgan/Picture Group (Trump's head). Retouching by The Retouchables. Styled by Barbara Tfrank.

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NAKED CITY

► What does Fernando Ferrer know about the Bronx that we don't? Henry Kravis's bid for culture, Joe McGinniss's research troubles and Billy Joel's sad song. The maladies of the major leagues, from Lenny Dykstra's syndrome to Billy Martin's disease. Hitler lives—24 hours a day, on cable television. Plus: Initiation rites at **The Times**, and the bottom line on Pantheon's new executive editor in **Books**. Double-plus: an exclusive epistolary exposé, in which Vanity may get you Fair's Tina Brown shows that where ultra-agent Mike Ovitz is concerned, flattery somewhere 20



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FEATURES

CRYBABIES' CAVALCADE

► The old-fashioned virtues of losing gracefully—shaking hands, proffering a Life Saver and good-naturedly saying "Getcha next time, sport"—are lost on the pouty, volatile likes of Sting, Richard Nixon, Spike Lee and Sean Young. Waaahhh!! JOSEPH MALGARINI and KATE MCDOWELL round up a nursery's worth of preeminent tantrum throwers and excuse-makers, some of whom are destined to respond with wounded, cranky, self-serving letters 44



CRYBABIES II: YOU WON'T HAVE TRICKY DON TO KICK AROUND ANYMORE

► What does the future hold in store for a former billionaire? Bankruptcy? Substantial weight gain? An ex-wife in the Czech parliament? A line of grooming products, perhaps? JAMIE MALANOWSKI assembles a prophetic scrapbook biography of Donald Trump, an eighties kind of guy lost in a nineties kind of world 50



IS THERE AN EDITOR IN THE HOUSE?

► Your left index finger has just been severed in a tragic boating accident. Do you call 911? No—you call a glossy magazine and join the swelling ranks of writers who have felt compelled to share with us their vivid, first-person accounts of cesarean sections, dysfunctional penises, faulty bowels, vaginal fever, loose scalp flaps and more! ELIZABETH ROYTE, who once experienced a mild allergic reaction to a bee sting, and JOHN TAYMAN, a frequent sunburn victim, examine the current vogue for personal-affliction journalism 60

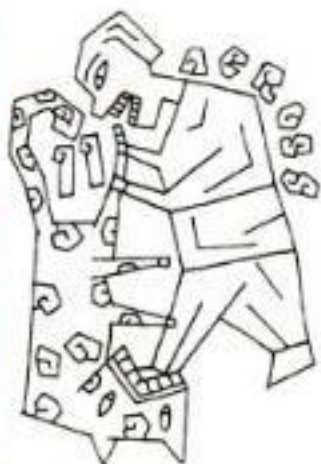
NOT YET TOO RICH, NOT QUITE TOO THIN

► Nikki Haskell, clubland curiosity of yesteryear, seemed destined to while away her life in Third-Rate-Celebrity Hell. But then she hatched the idea of marketing expensive, awful-smelling diuretic diet pills to overweight rich people. The results, says JENNET CONANT, have inched Haskell ever closer to...semi-importance! 64



COLUMNS

► HENRY "DUTCH" HOLLAND stumbles upon a sidesplitting parody of man's favorite periodical in **Review of Reviewers**; in **Politics**, DAVID ARONSON and DAVID KAMP figure out just how Washington right-wingers and Eurosleaze operatives nearly forced the Bush administration to commit a major boner on South Africa's behalf; and ROBYN KELLEY introduces us to (Len) Jacoby and (Steve) Meyers, two wild and crazy bargain-basement advocates of the **Law** 70



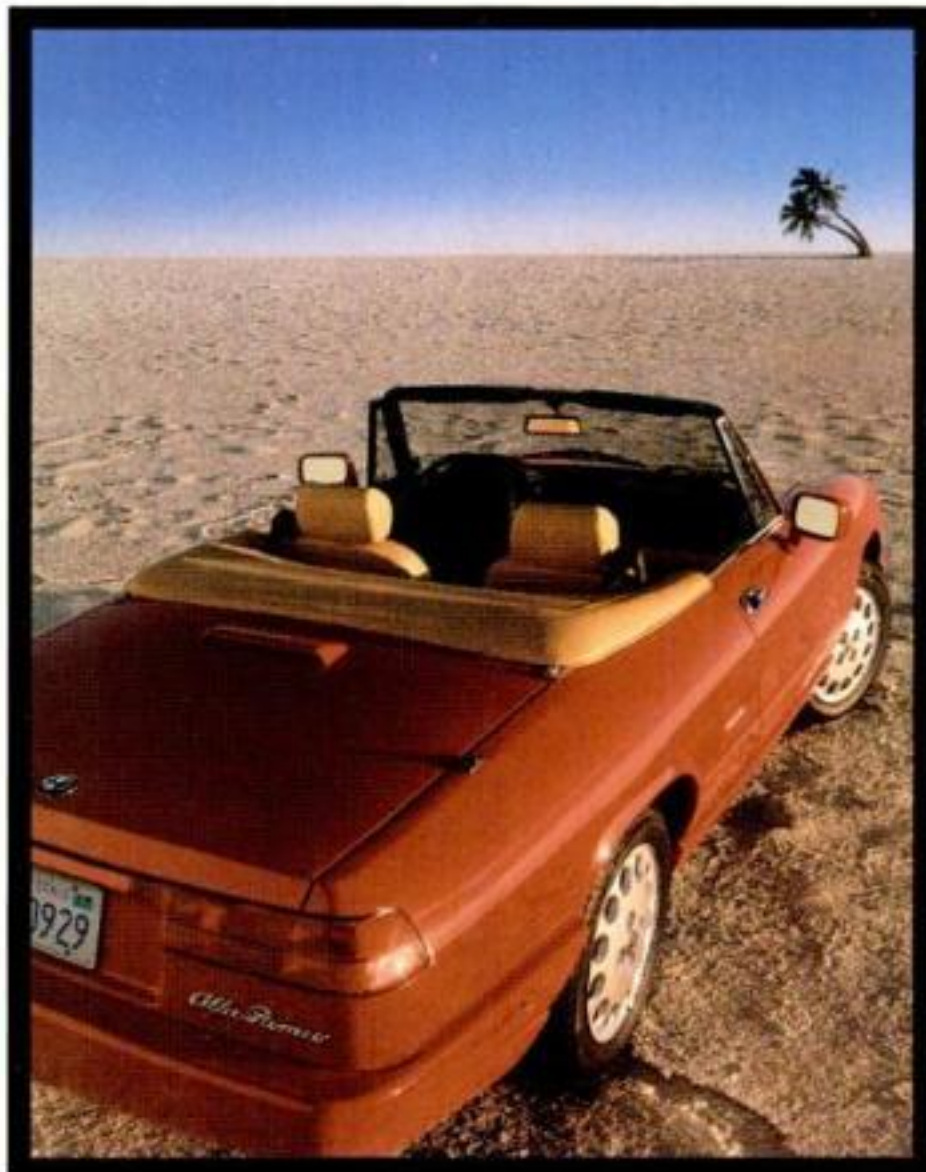
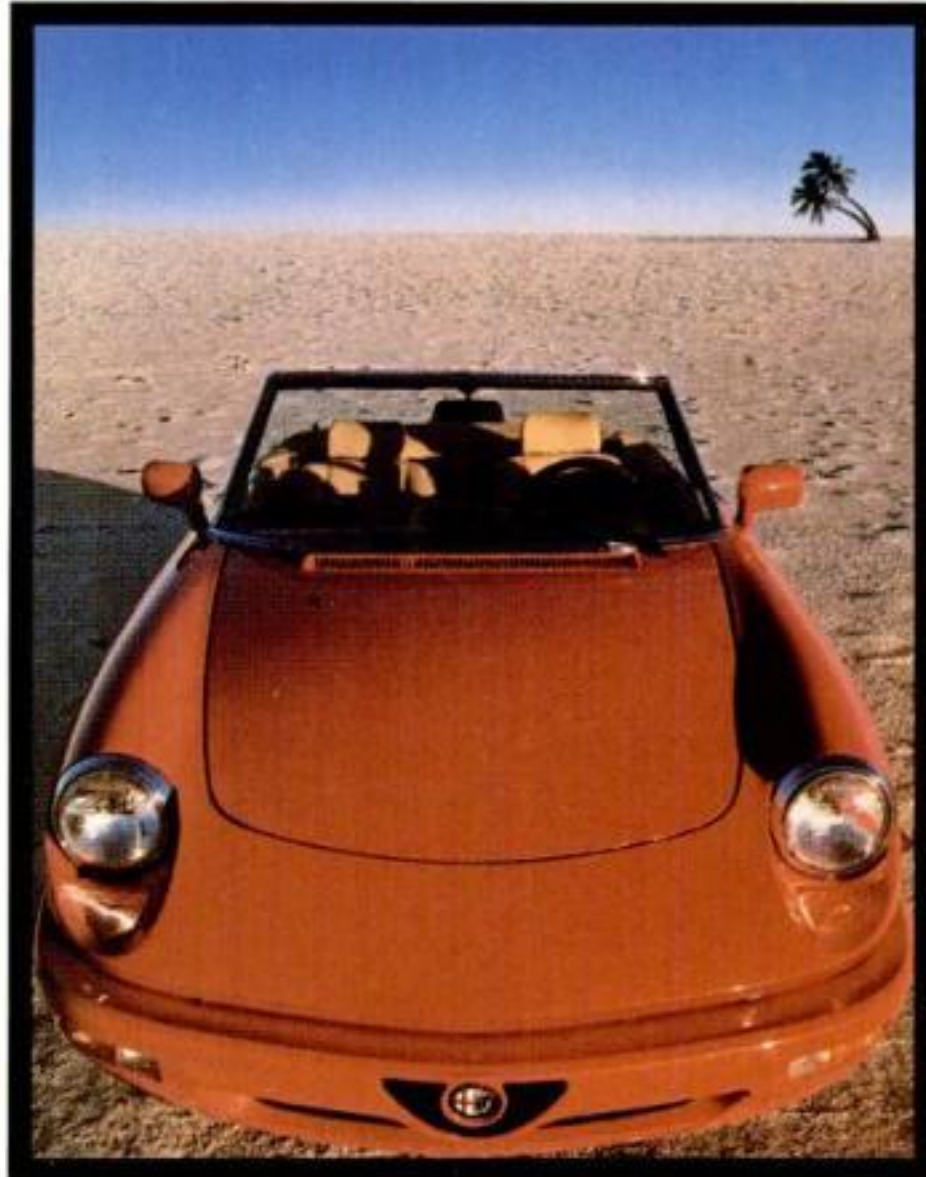
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This One



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Photographer **HARRY BENSON**, whose portrait of Nikki Haskell appears in this issue, overflows with ideas. This is in contradistinction to his native Scotland, a country that

in its 3,989 years of existence has come up with only *one* fabric design. Benson—who regularly shoots for *Life* and *Vanity Fair* and whose contributing editorship to *SPY* begins with this issue—is currently the subject of a one-man retrospective in Glasgow (at Christie's, 164 Bath Street). "It's good to have a show in your birthplace," says Benson. "Like Jesus said [more or less], 'A prophet is never appreciated in his hometown.'"



Although **ROY BLOUNT JR.** has been devising his Un-British Crossword Puzzle for *SPY* since the first issue, he has never been embraced by his fellow crossword writers, and frankly,

Blount is a little... *nettled*. "It's not as if I would embarrass them at their luncheons or anything," he says in a voice edged with all the hurt and

CONTRIBUTORS

frustration of his nose-pressed-to-the-glass existence. "And I wouldn't expect full privileges." Fortunately, Blount's first novel, *First Hubby* (Villard), has been selling well since June.



Refreshingly, **JENNET CONANT** is seeking the approval neither of her place of birth nor of Eugene T. Maleska. "Just don't print my home phone number," requested Conant, who is

a columnist for *The New York Observer* (755-2400) and has contributed recently to *GQ* (880-8800) and *Manhattan, inc.* (697-2100). In *SPY* (633-6550) she has profiled magazine writer Ved Mehta, magazine publisher Judy Price and, with this issue, magazine reader Nikki Haskell.



JAMIE MALANOWSKI, *SPY*'s national editor and a Trump buff, has contributed to every single issue of *SPY*. (But then again, so has Blount, and has it made *him* more socially attractive?)

In addition to writing *The Fine Print*, Malanowski last spring produced our shockingly prescient story on the aftermath of the Cold War. Contrary to the opinion of the better part of our readership, Jamie is a man. ☷

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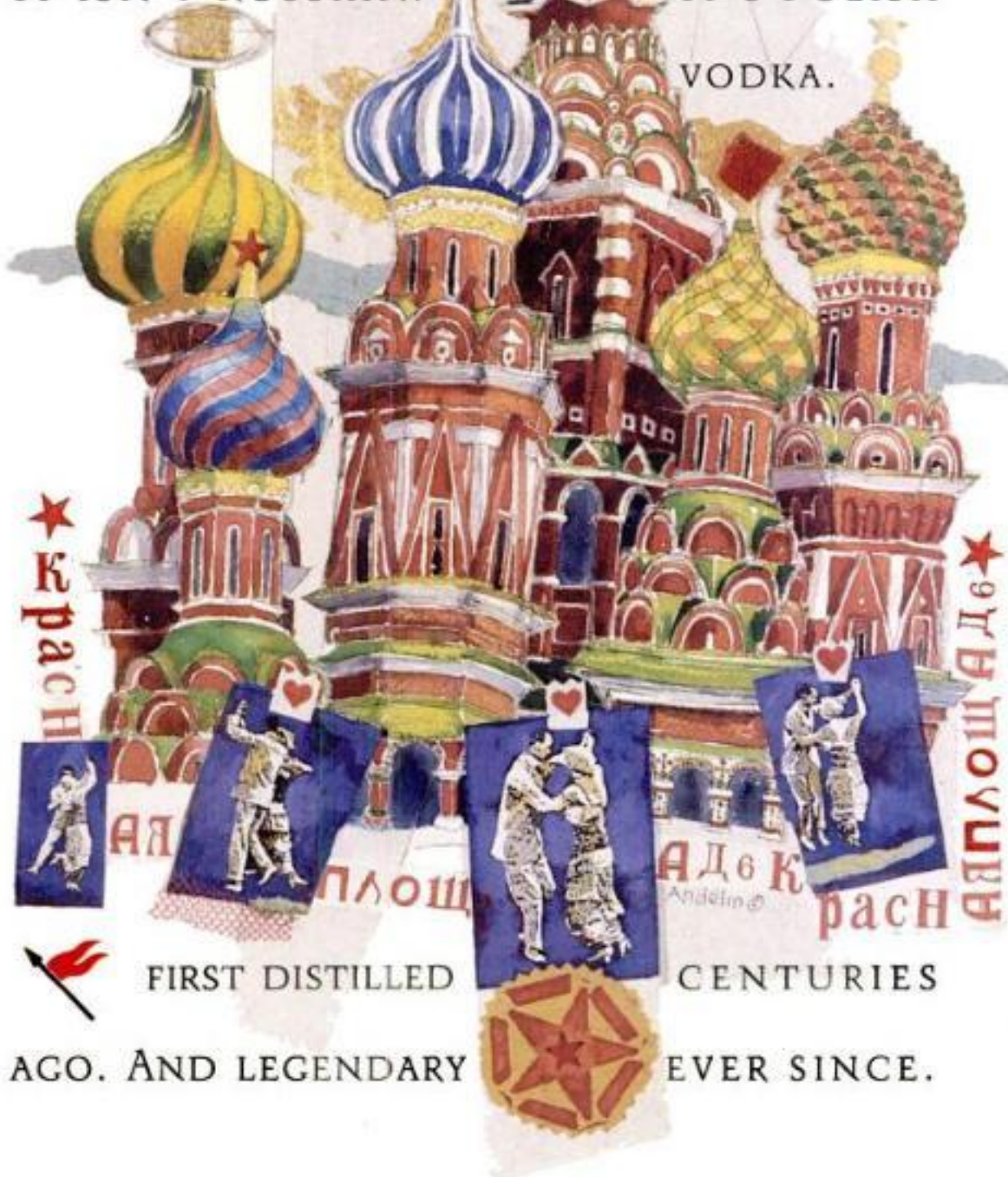


WHITE RABBITS, MOSCOW AND POLISH VODKA.

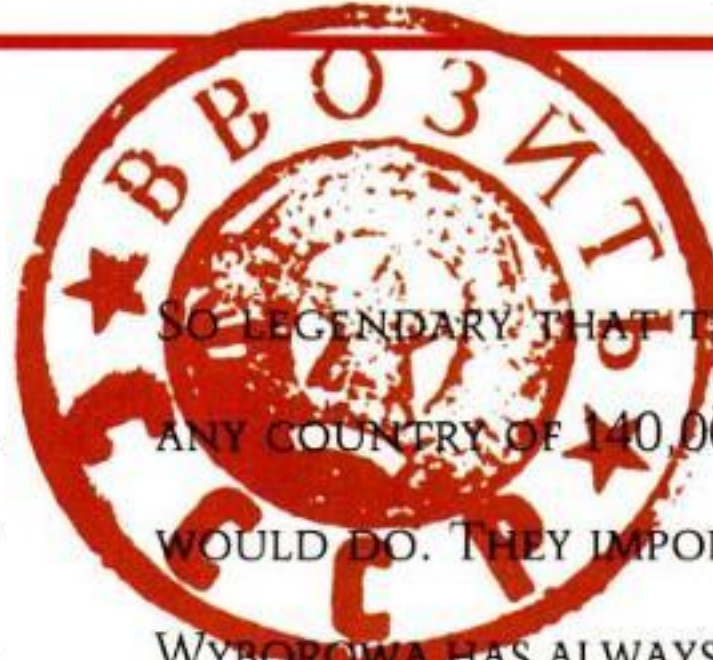


NICE TOWN, MOSCOW. RED SQUARE, ANCIENT SPIRES, FUR HATS, CAPITALISTS... AND A VERITABLE MONOPOLY ON THE WORLD'S GREAT VODKAS.  WHICH BRINGS


US TO AN INTERESTING PIECE OF TRIVIA ABOUT WHAT IS ARGUABLY THE FINEST VODKA IN ALL OF RUSSIA. WYBOROWA (VEE-BA-ROVA). IT ISN'T RUSSIAN. IT'S POLISH VODKA.




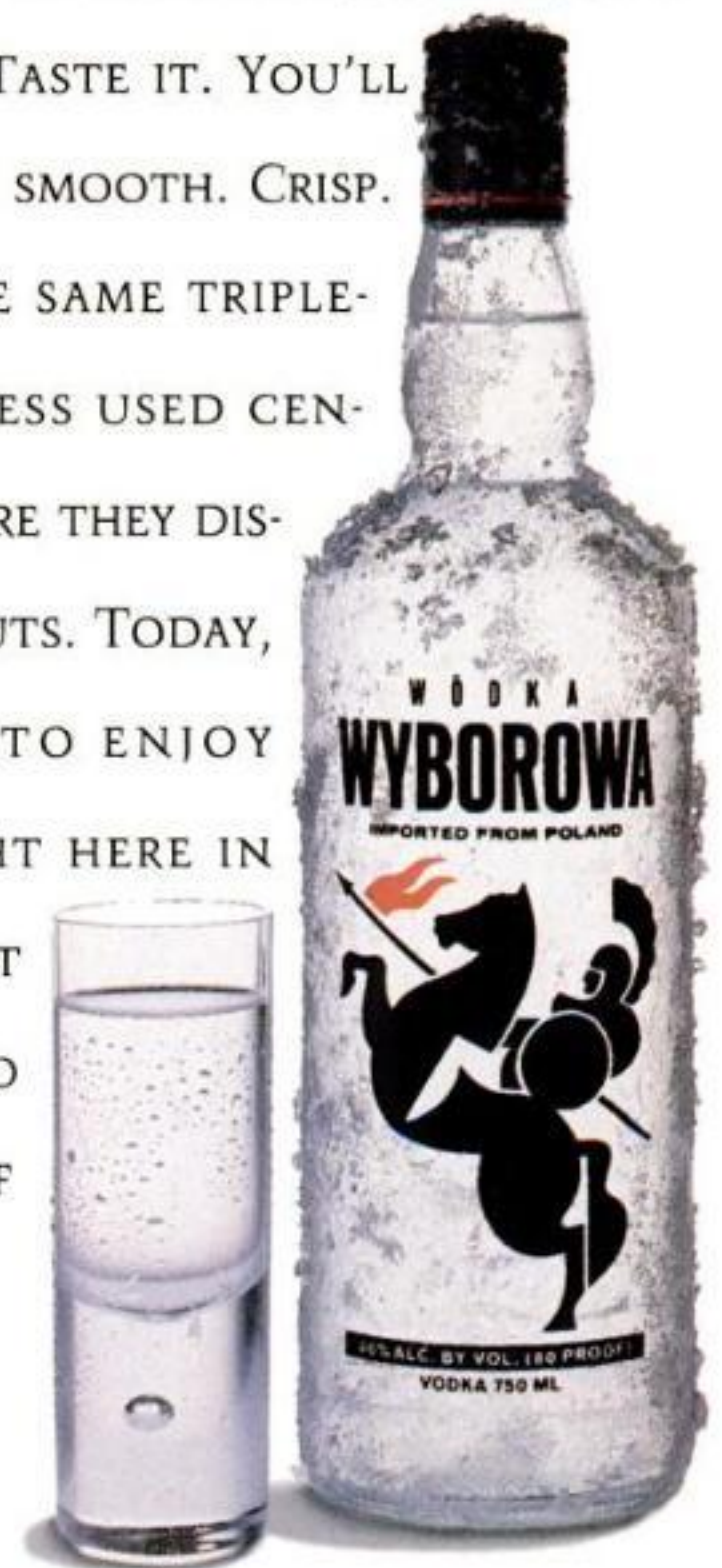
 FIRST DISTILLED CENTURIES AGO. AND LEGENDARY EVER SINCE.



SO LEGENDARY THAT THE RUSSIANS DID WHAT ANY COUNTRY OF 140,000,000 VODKA FANATICS WOULD DO. THEY IMPORTED IT.  BUT THEN,

WYBOROWA HAS ALWAYS HAD A SLIGHTLY ECCENTRIC HISTORY. THERE WERE ALWAYS, FOR INSTANCE, RACCOONS, LAYING HENS AND WHITE POLISH RABBITS ON THE GROUNDS OF ITS DISTILLERY.  WHY HAS WYBOROWA SURVIVED

FOR CENTURIES? TASTE IT. YOU'LL FIND IT INEFFABLY SMOOTH. CRISP. A RESULT OF THE SAME TRIPLE-DISTILLING PROCESS USED CENTURIES AGO. BEFORE THEY DISCOVERED SHORTCUTS. TODAY, IT IS POSSIBLE TO ENJOY WYBOROWA RIGHT HERE IN AMERICA.  WHAT BETTER WAY TO TOAST THE END OF THE COLD WAR.



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YOU KNOW WHAT AUGUST MEANS? *AUGUST (ADJ.): INSPIRING MINGLED REVERENCE AND ADMIRATION; MAJESTIC, STATELY, SUBLIME.* Is this somebody's idea of a joke? August 1990, like every other August endured outside childhood or in any city south of the 45th Parallel, inspires mingled despair and loathing, a sense that the majestic, the stately and the sublime require a more intense level of artificial cooling than one's own system (when did Fisher-Price start making air conditioners?) is capable of. It *is* the heat; it's the humidity too. And it's also the



ou know what August means?

between Delancey and East Broadway, and the evil garbage stench floating over the sidewalks, and the lack of important summer vacation plans, and nothing to do but read disappointing Scott Turow novels and watch disappointing Bruce Willis movies and listen to Mets games from now until fall. 🍷 The Yankees are bad, too, but the Mets are this year's perfectly apt team, the America of major league baseball: no longer new but not old, with plenty of talent, depth, seasoning, an enthusiastic new manager and a largely disappointing record. One month recently, Darryl Strawberry had a batting average of .125. Despite everything, however, Strawberry remained hopeful and sounded indomitable. "I'm *bound* to have a good day, a good week, a good month," he said. "*It's bound to happen.*" And then it did: one weekend in June, Strawberry hit four home runs. 💡 But if America, like the Mets, is coming unglued (the nation apparently needs to discombobulate every 20 years or so; it's bound to happen, as Strawberry might say), at least this time around there's a slapstick, Pee-wee Herman-ish edge to the chaos. In the 1990s it's not bomb threats or defective landing gear that causes USAir 727s en route to Pittsburgh to turn around and make emergency landings at La Guardia — no, it's muffin fires in the galley! In the 1990s it's not the Charles Mansons or the Boston Stranglers who get you — no, when a woman answers her front door (her front door in a squeaky-clean new suburb of West Palm Beach), she's shot to death by someone *dressed as a clown!* In the 1990s it's not a right-wing filibuster or an executive veto that defeats a health bill in the Florida legislature — no, it's idle vote-button-pushing by a legislator's 12-year-old son! (Dad was off the floor, making a phone call, and fooling around.) In the 1990s political leaders do not demand extra bodyguards and security measures to fend off crackpots and assassins — no, if they're Chicago alder-



In the 1990s it's not a right-wing filibuster or an executive veto that defeats a health bill in the Florida legislature — no, it's idle vote-button-pushing by a legislator's 12-year-old son! (Dad was off the floor, making a phone call, and fooling around.) In the 1990s political leaders do not demand extra bodyguards and security measures to fend off crackpots and assassins — no, if they're Chicago alder-



treadmills and stationary bicycles, because three of their overweight colleagues have died of heart attacks ("People are *frightened*," says one of the not-yet-dead aldermen) in just eight months! Muffin fires, armed clowns, 12-year-old power brokers, panicky aerobic regimens among machine politicians. It was all bound to happen.

Indeed, in this epoch of tennis-court-hogging, sagebrush-whacking, horseshoe-throwing U.S. presidents, we now measure all political leaders according to their level of sportiness. "Our impression," an incredulous-sounding White House adviser said of the Gorbachevs before the June summit, "is that they don't have *any* hobbies or sports." And another White House aide, summing up the man who is currently coping with armed secessionists, ethnic violence, economic paralysis and unprecedented popular discontent, agreed: Gorbachev, the Bush aide reckoned, "is not a golf-shirt kind of guy."

Here in the States we may not have had a nationwide run on kasha and cooking oil—yet—but we are experiencing a wrenching economic crisis of our own, with all the pain and sacrifice that entails. On Wall Street, investment bankers have been having their bonuses cut as never before—why, at First Boston, a young banker with two long years of deal-making experience now earns a piddling \$175,000 a year, and the same 24-month veteran gets a mere \$155,000 at Shearson.

A few blocks away, in the federal courthouse, Ivan Boesky testified as a prosecution witness in a fellow former stock speculator's criminal trial. On cross-examination Boesky admitted to committing new financial crimes while in prison (he said he illegally paid "some chaps" a "few quarters" to do his laundry) and felt obliged to answer even rhetorical questions. Asked if he likes money, Boesky answered, "Of course—don't you?" The 1980s not eight months gone and already the government is putting on show trials in which they ask, *Do you like money?* It was bound to happen.

Some holdovers from the previous decade are still taking a hard eighties line.

Charles Keating, the man accused of running Lincoln Savings and Loan into the ground, defrauding depositors and then getting Alan Cranston, John Glenn and three other U.S. senators to smooth things over with federal regulators, has recently been providing unsolicited character references for Cranston, Glenn and the rest. "I would rate their performance pretty darn high," said Keating, an impossibly upbeat man who still seems to think that he's bound to have a good day, a good week, a good month. "They should be congratulated."

As an issue, homelessness was perfect for the 1980s (conspicuous consumption, conspicuous poverty, best of times, worst of times), but we think it has the legs to stay hot in the 1990s (every beggar is an opportunity for a tiny, painless, self-flattering gesture), even if America's most famous homeless spokesman may not. Mitch Snyder, homeless person turned activist turned made-for-TV-movie subject and a personal friend of Martin Sheen's, has suddenly abandoned his widely publicized plans to become a Trappist monk. Instead, Snyder plans to marry his 15-year-old girlfriend next month. Was this bound to happen?

C. Vernon Mason was. Mason became famous in the 1980s (by hooking up with the Reverend Al Sharpton to promote *faux* victim Tawana Brawley), but we have a hunch he'll be a lot more at home in the 1990s—not exactly a golf-shirt kind of guy but a man of passion, of sincerity, of bold prescriptions: New York's Boris Yeltsin. The day after Mayor David Dinkins gave his televised speech pleading for racial harmony (could Dinkins inspire anybody to do anything under any circumstances?), Mason, the respected civil-rights lawyer, offered a carefully considered dissenting view. "I could not *believe* what this Negro said last night," Mason told a crowd. "It was all I could do to prevent myself from breaking the TV. [Dinkins] is a lover of white people and the system. He ain't got no Afri-

can left in him. He's got too many yarmulkes on his head." *Ain't got no African left in him...* thoughtful, persuasive—and a terrific sense of humor to boot!

Even scientists and federal bureaucrats have turned zany and imprudent. Denying the rumor that NASA, seeking to provide a seemly sexual release for shuttle-bound astronauts, had developed a drug that induces orgasmic dreams, the space agency's director of life sciences was unequivocal. "It would be impossible," he said, "to satisfy the carnal urges of astronauts.... To my knowledge, unbridled lust has never interfered with a space mission."

Unbridled lust may well have interfered with *Dick Tracy*, this summer's *Batman Lite*. During rehearsals for a scene in which Madonna, playing Tracy's chanteuse temptress, takes a deep bow, her breasts repeatedly and unintentionally popped out of her gown. (It was, of course, bound to happen.) A producer suggested a way for a makeup man to solve the problem, but he refused. "My contract doesn't say anything," the makeup man replied, "about gluing Madonna's tits to her dress."

Government sex drugs in outer space, ersatz-1930s cartoons starring aging humpsters and canny Marilyn Monroe impersonators, labor disputes over unauthorized breast-gluing—it all has a certain horrible, thrilling déjà vu familiarity, like something in a book, a novel, a blockbuster novel of the fin de siècle....

Yes, it's an all-new chapter of 1999: *Casinos of the Third Reich*, which includes one of the book's most dramatic moments (in the baccarat pit at the Trump Plaza casino, as a Japanese tycoon loses \$9.9-million, the proprietor hovers and paces nearby, unraveling) and one of its most touching ones (Jerry Lewis, Wayne Newton and Robert Goulet pay tribute to Sammy Davis Jr. at Forest Lawn). As the world's eyes turn expectantly to Central Europe (incidentally, who *does* control the searchlight and flag concessions in Berlin these days?) our story pauses momentarily in Long Beach at the permanently docked *Queen Mary* for "Voyage to 1939!," a gala yearlong celebration featuring 1939 memorabilia. It may sound too rich, too mad to be true—yet as readers of 1999: *Casinos of the Third Reich* know only too well, it was all bound to happen. ☺



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GREAT-GREAT-GRANDFATHER.



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Tastes the same here as it does over there.



From the SPY mailroom: Some magazines live to muckrake, some to deliver readers to advertisers. We live to receive letters composed in imperfect English from the Netherlands. "I like to have contact with you and the performance of your world



in laser and holography," writes the editor of "the little Dutch newsletter" *Optische Fenomenen*, and let us tell you, he's got

our full attention. We will of course try to oblige, both "with having contact" and with sending "some informations." *How could resist?* When we read the closing sentence—"Thank you very much for helping me and hopely for your post-sending"—we simply melted. *Optische Fenomenen* can count on our postsending...hopely posthaste! We've already forwarded a recent issue.

"Who the heck is Norman Ornstein?" A nation of SPY readers rises up as one and demands an answer. Maybe we're overstating it; in fact, only Joel D. Selanikio of Providence rose up as one (convincingly, though) and said *precisely* that. But many readers are asking more or less the same question. Tony Wade of Augusta, Georgia, is "sincerely curious" about who Ornstein is. Jeffrey Norman of Milwaukee suggests that our May issue was built not around Washington, D.C., but rather around Ornstein, N. Writing from Manhattan, Wendy Blatt asks whether Ornstein is "sleeping with half your staff." Worth Brown, presumably of Chicago (his stationery is lovely but reads "Chicag, Illinois"—some sort of midwestern jive talk?), speculates that Ornstein is either "the brother-in-law of the publisher or you owe him lots of money." Joyce Saenz Harris of Dallas wonders whether Ornstein exists at all. Steve Kallaugher of Brooklyn has similar suspicions ("A fictitious creation?") and also mentions that Ornstein is "quoted no less than 15 times." This opens up a real can of worms, because Brian Kelleher of Saratoga puts the figure somewhat higher—278—while Emile Barrios of Coronado, California; Bill Shein of Arlington, Virginia; and James Goldfarb of Durham, North Carolina, all come in at 17 Ornstein mentions (Goldfarb, like our Chicag reader, also suspects Ornstein is "related to someone on ➤

DEAR EDITORS **T**his office represents Richard Gere.

I am informed of your intention to cause publication of an illustration and article involving Mr. Gere.

While it is not our objective to impinge on your First Amendment rights under the federal Constitution, we are compelled to bring the following to your attention.

Investigation will confirm the falsity of the intended publication.

Publication of false stories or depictions of our client that have a tendency to impeach, degrade or vilify will cause immediate response on behalf of our client. That response will include a request for relief against all those responsible, including SPY, its reporter or reporters, editor or proprietors of the publication.

Libelous utterances are not within the area of constitutionally respected speech (*Roth v. United States* [1957] 354 U.S. 476, 483). To proceed further, knowing of the falsity of the subject at hand, and at a minimum, with a reckless disregard of whether it is false is tantamount to "malice" (*Curtis Publishing Co. v. Butts* [1967] 388 U.S. 130, 162-165)....

The courts of California have held there need not be a direct accusation or charge of misconduct; epithets, descriptive words or opinions that carry with them the implication of acts or misconduct are actionable (*Brown v. Kelly Broadcasting Co.*, 48 Cal. 3d [1989] 711)....

Penal Code §258 provides that willful and malicious intent to injure another by utterance of a slander is punishable by a fine not exceeding \$10,000 or imprisonment in the county jail not exceeding one year, or both.

18 U.S.C.S. §§1961, et seq., of the

LETTERS TO SPY

Racketeer Influenced and Corrupt Organizations Act (RICO) suggest guidelines by which your conduct must be measured. These include both criminal and, by virtue of §1964(c), civil remedies....

Legal proscriptions, common sense and fair play dictate that SPY reevaluate this matter and immediately cease and desist from further activity related thereto.

Allan Sigel
Sigel & Boothe
Los Angeles, California

Hub?

DEAR EDITORS **I** am dismayed and disturbed by the erroneous and damaging information contained in your April Great Expectations. It leaves a totally false and scurrilous impression of myself and USA for Africa that will not be erased simply by printing a retraction.

What SPY has accomplished is to have possibly destroyed a documentary project merely in early development and designed to attract underwriting from a broadcast or corporate entity. This project might have been inspirational if it had been given a fair chance, because the story would "star" not Ken Kragen but people who are out there on the front lines every day fighting the battle...and making progress. A documentary, we thought, might be the vehicle to reach a broad public with the message that their support and involvement have, indeed, made a difference and therefore should continue.

SPY should adhere to the code of ethics and responsibilities that come with the territory and make an attempt to check out its information *before* it is published.

Ken Kragen
Los Angeles, California

Surely we're not that powerful—especially not when we're making passing editorial allusions to stories previously published in the newspaper. We're sorry if our very brief observations in any way incommoded USA for Africa. But we can still think of better ways to spend \$500,000 than making a movie about an evanescent American philanthropy.

DEAR EDITORS **Y**our article about Father Ritter ["The Slumlord Is My Shepherd," by John Fahs and Eddie Stern, April] was well written, informative and very timely. Being in the

advertising business myself, and therefore no stranger to direct-mail solicitation, I was *almost* persuaded to send Father Ritter a check after reading his tear-jerking direct-mail pitch. Imagine how relieved I was to find the whole thing was, as too many "charities" are, a sham.

Please accept my heartfelt thanks for the article. Now I can stop feeling guilty.

Lorrie Callison
Columbia, South Carolina

Thanks, but easy does it—we weren't saying Covenant House was a sham, just that Ritter was imprudent.

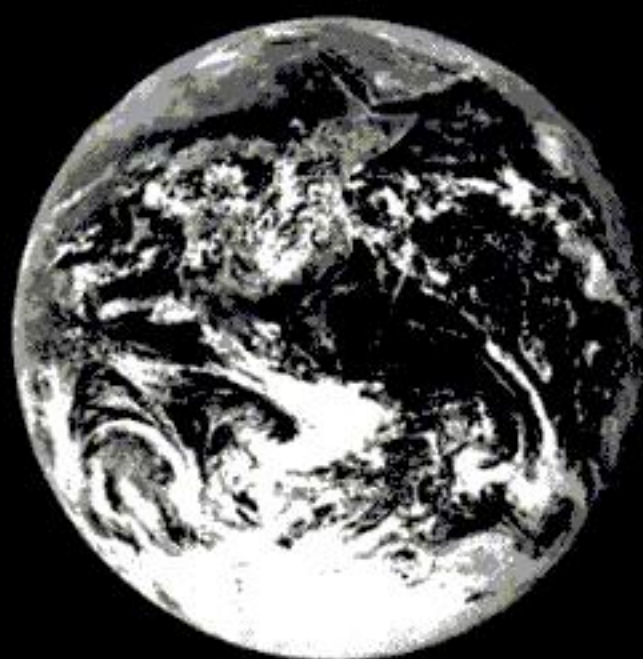
We tried to get the staff to say "Good evening, madam," but they kept saying "Hi, how are ya?"

Let's be frank. The Claridge may look and feel European, but the staff is definitely Midwestern. Well-scrubbed. Cheerfully outgoing.

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DEAR EDITORS **Y**our exposé of Father Ritter's failed foray into real estate investment reads more like the kind of yellow-journalistic pulp one might expect of the *New York Post* than a real piece of investigative journalism. A person hasn't necessarily sold his soul to the Devil because he borrowed money from a bank that was subsequently run into the ground by its owner, or because he sold a hotel to an operator of a youth hostel who in turn sold out to an infamous landlord. It isn't even particularly shocking that the Times Square Hotel ran up hundreds of housing violations while under the ownership of Covenant House. Many newer and better-financed buildings routinely incur dozens of violations every time the housing inspector comes by, and there is very little one can do about it short of putting the inspector on one's payroll. Besides, the dysfunctional elevators, unlit fire exits and inadequately ventilated corridors described in your article are not exactly slumlord material. If you are going to try your hand at serious journalism, try treating your readers a little more seriously.

*Brendan Marx
New York*

DEAR EDITORS **B**ob Mack forgot to mention that President Bush's nominee for secretary of Defense, the Brylcreemed playboy wannabe John G. Tower, was also a frat boy ["Toga! Toga! Toga! From Animal House to the White House—How Frat Boys Suddenly Run America," April]. Tower not only was a Kappa Sigma at Southwestern University in Texas but also later served as the "Worthy Grand Master" (a Grand Pooh-Bah of sorts) for the entire national fraternity.

*Jeffrey S. Palmer
Bethesda, Maryland*

DEAR EDITORS **Y**our coverage of the changes at *The New York Times's* art desk [The Times, by J. J. Hunsecker, April] is something of a sweep—a dirty one. Ostensibly revealing the "inside story" on those personnel shifts, you managed in a few lines to impugn the motives of a critic who has distinguished himself among his journalistic peers by writing regularly about artists of color, to

belittle one such artist and finally, by implication, to dismiss all the rest.

For the record: we have known Michael Brenson professionally and personally for many years and can testify that he harbors no sentiments toward matters of race remotely like those attributed to him in the article, nor has he ever engaged in cynical careerism such as that reported in the piece. As for your account of Martin Puryear's rise to prominence: Brenson did not "create" him; rather, he recognized and lauded what Puryear himself has created. Represented in all the major museum collections in New York and many elsewhere, the recipient of Guggenheim and Tiffany grants as well as awards, citations and fellowships from the National Endowment for the Arts, Brandeis University and the Greenberger Foundation and, not least, the Grand Prize Winner last year at the São Paulo Biennale, Puryear and his achievements are hardly unknown or unsung. Yet while Puryear has been singled out for these honors, he, as an artist of color, is far from alone in shaping the visual culture of this country. The insult of treating him as a marginal and inconsequential figure—apparently because he is black and you hadn't heard of him—is thereby multiplied a thousandfold. The only fact to be gleaned from your compound smear is plain enough: Brenson, his colleagues and the art public worldwide know a good deal that SPY, in its aesthetic provincialism and glib racism, does not. Perhaps, however, your readers will indeed have learned one thing from this example: SPY is in the business of muck-making, not muckraking.

*Arlene Raven, art critic,
The Village Voice;
Lowery Sims, associate curator of
20th Century Art,
The Metropolitan Museum of Art;
Robert Storr, contributing editor,
Art in America
New York*

DEAR EDITORS **F**amiliarity is said to breed contempt, but J. J. Hunsecker suggests ignorance can be just as effective.

In his attempt to splatter *New York Times* art critic Michael Brenson while flinging mud at the *Times's* newly designated art chief, Michael Kimmelman, Hunsecker makes quite a spectacle of

himself. He describes Brenson's support for black artists in much the same smugly derisive tones once reserved by sons of the Confederacy for Yankee carpetbaggers!

But your columnist manages to combine venom, condescension and a cavalier disregard for the facts when he claims, "Brenson virtually created a major talent *ex nihilo*, the all-but-unknown sculptor Martin Puryear."

Puryear's alleged obscurity can only surprise art-world denizens old enough to recall *Artforum's* October 1979 cover story on him. Similarly, Puryear must be the only "almost unknown" artist to be featured in two Whitney Biennials (1979, '81) as well as in such high-profile shows as MoMA's 1984 reopening extravaganza, "An International Survey of Recent Painting and Sculpture," and the Guggenheim's 1985 "Transformations in Sculpture: Four Decades in American and European Art."

Finally, one wonders why Brenson is credited with having "virtually created" Puryear's reputation when his November 1, 1987, *Times Magazine* profile of the artist trailed three years behind a ten-year survey of the sculptor's career that had traveled coast to coast—originating at the University of Massachusetts at Amherst and eventually traveling to New York's New Museum of Contemporary Art via California's La Jolla Museum of Art.

Of course, as a critic and historian who specializes in art by African-Americans, I am all too familiar with Hunsecker's brand of myopia—a phenomenon immortalized several decades ago by Ralph Ellison's novel *Invisible Man*. What beats me is how Michael Brenson managed to escape this widespread Euro-American malady!

Judith Wilson
New York

DEAR EDITORS **G**ossip columnists are certainly fair game for easy criticism by the likes of everybody, so I read you with interest on me and my betters. However, let me assure you that I did not "allow" my photo to appear on the *Daily News* front page at any time [Review of Reviewers, by Henry Holland, May]. I have absolutely nothing to say about what or when or how the editors decide to use my photo. I was as surprised as anyone when I turned up with Ivana on the front page, and was certainly NOT advised that this was going to hap-

your staff"). As for Julie D. Taylor of Brooklyn, she was simply grateful for *The SPY Index*, which she checked periodically to see just how many more Ornstein quotes were on the horizon.

And that's not all. Lisa Poulson of Manhattan says she experienced "a deep sense of foreboding" as the observations accumulated (she finds such rampant quotability "awfully dangerous"). Peter Weyl of Portland, Maine, suggests we do a Norman Ornstein™ Blurb-o-Mat, and John Spritz of Sacramento wonders whether running a full-page Norman Ornstein ad would "make him happy." Debbie Sachs of Palo Alto reports that when she called Washington information and asked for the telephone number of the American Enterprise Institute (from which Ornstein opines, as Liz Smith would put it), the operator asked her, "Would you like the main number or [rejected Supreme Court nominee] Robert Bork?" And Norman Ornstein of the American Enterprise Institute, when contacted recently for a comment on the use of all those Norman Ornstein quotations and the public confusion about them, said uncharacteristically cryptically, "Tell your readers I am no relation to Judy Price's mother."

So why *did* we quote Norman Ornstein no fewer than 15 (and possibly as many as 278) times in the May issue? Because he is *the* ubiquitous Washington think-tank pundit. Because everybody else does. *Because he's there.* And also because we were making a joke (the repetition, as reader "Chuck" of "Mass." astutely noted, "became almost comical")—a joke, incidentally, that couldn't be obvious enough for such well-meaning readers as Michael A. Lewis, who demanded without any apparent irony to know if we weren't "even a little embarrassed" to have given so much space to the "cocktail party chitchat" of such a "cranky windbag." Lewis, we need hardly mention, lives in that hotbed of comic sensibility that is—how synchronous!—Washington, D.C. Or is it Washington?

A curious follow-up to "The Secret of Albemarle Farms," Avery Chenoweth's February 1989 *SPY* piece that recounted John and Patricia Kluge's wholesale wildlife massacres—sorry, *sportsmanlike shoots*—at their Virginia fiefdom: when the soon-to-be-ex-Mrs. Kluge recent- ➤



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pen. I believe you assume I have some powers that I don't have. The *Daily News* editors are my bosses, and they do whatever they darned well please with my picture. There was no collusion in my appearance; just their idea that it was what seemed at the time, I guess, a good idea.

Does my behavior really seem so "erratic" to you? You should try doing what I do six days a week.

Liz Smith
New York

DEAR EDITORS **H**ilarious and scary were the feelings evoked by Rachel Urquhart's superb "Hey, Jambo! Doesn't Anyone Here Talk American?" A Worldwide Tour of America's Dopeiest Diplomats" [May]. Also a great read was "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington and Fondles Anything That Moves" [by Charlotte Hays and Charlotte Low Allen]. In general, the entire D.C. issue was wickedly satisfying.

My hope would be that you stay on political targets, as opposed to the ever-present but less significant Hollywood celebrities, thereby providing much-needed perspective and comic relief to the increasing number of progressives, social critics and concerned working people living in a minefield of unwarranted power-posturing and smarmy politicians sporting "hair with the iridescence of pigeon plumage."

Julie Schwartzman
New York

DEAR EDITORS **J**ust read with interest "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington and Fondles Anything That Moves," and I missed seeing my personal all-time favorite congressional sexual peccadillo: the time Representative Fred Richmond of Brooklyn was arrested in 1978 for paying a 16-year-old boy for sex.

Jeff Cox
Sebastopol, California

Charges against Richmond were dropped when he agreed to seek counseling; he was elected to another term before being convicted on drug, tax-evasion and bribery charges.

DEAR EDITORS **A**s a pedant of some note, I wish to gleefully point out the glaring inconsistency

in Richard Stengel's "Welcome to Wonk City" [May]. Stengel writes, "No one in Washington ever says, 'Hey, lighten up.'" And yet a scant five pages later he advises, "If you're seated next to Sandra Day O'Connor, don't use the same line on her that ex-Redskins fullback John Riggins did—to wit, 'Loosen up, Sandy baby.'" Unless you consider *lighten up* to differ materially from *loosen up*, I fail to see how you can reconcile these two statements. This destroys any shred of credibility the article may have otherwise enjoyed.

Kenneth E. Steinfield
Boston, Massachusetts

But that was the point—Riggins really isn't a Washingtonian in the button-down sense we were talking about, and his "Loosen up" remark was curious and inappropriate enough to be widely reported.

DEAR EDITORS **W**hile trying to demean the foreign-language skills of our nation's ambassadors ["Hey, Jambo!"], you prove yourselves unable to spell one of the simplest words in the Spanish language. The Spanish word for *yes* has an accent, and is written *sí*. Don't tell me your printer doesn't do accent marks—you manage both accent marks on *résumé* a few lines down.

Re "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington," Biba is in Boston. Cambridge has no restaurants even close to that trendy, or good.

Gregg Shapiro
Cambridge, Massachusetts

Jeez, did we say Washington was Wonk City?

DEAR EDITORS **I**n "Ask Not for Whom the Bell Tolls; It Tolls for Thee, Marlin Fitzwater" [May], exactly what *did* you say when the respective recipient answered the phone immediately? Did you just rudely hang up, scarring the phone-manners reputation of the power broker you were pretending to be the assistant for?

Ryan Witte
Garden City, New York

Usually we said, "One moment, please," and then we hung up. But we're pretty sure that while masquerading as an aide to Senator Moynihan we managed to persuade Secretary of Defense Dick Cheney not to close an Air Force base in Plattsburgh, New York.

ly drove her Range Rover off a Virginia road and nearly got herself killed, she told police that she'd swerved to avoid hitting a small animal. Now, there's someone with a sense of humor.

A number of viewers—that's right, viewers—want to know what exactly Jeff Goldblum said on *How to Be Famous*, SPY's first NBC special, broadcast this past spring. We did, after all, offer to provide a transcript. Here it is:

"...full of, uh, excitement, and enthusiasm of, an, and, uh, about the work of acting, and what it might, and what it was like to work on a part, and, and, uh, investigating a, a part, and, uh, finding how I could marry myself with the character, and just working, and, la, la, working on a part..."

Seems perfectly lucid to us, except maybe for that second *la*.

Another viewer wants to be rediscovered. The host of our TV special, Jerry Seinfeld, has received a postcard from 75-year-old "Frantic Fran" Lilienfeld of Miami Beach. "I'd like to appear on your show or write a column for your magazine," she writes. (Seinfeld is starting a magazine?) "I've been a one-woman show at piano with songs, jokes, etc., for 50 years in Borscht Circuit—also 9 years on Public Access TV in N.Y.C.... entertaining at resorts, bar mitzvahs, churches, store openings. Can SPY make me famous at 75?—surely SENIORS are out there and a profitable market!" Don't we know it! Just send us a recent eight-by-ten, Frantic Fran, and we'll put you in our Stars of Tomorrow feature.

Much has been written about the tussle over the rights to the Lennon-McCartney songs. In the meantime, the entire Gilbert O'Sullivan catalog remains quietly available, free of any convenient litigation-drenched hype. Albert H. Downs of San Francisco has thoughtfully forwarded to us a *Catalogue of Master Recordings* announcing the availability for licensing of such hits as "Get Down" and "Why Oh Why Oh Why." If we were a bank looking for a jingle, we'd put our money down for O'Sullivan's biggest hit before you could say, "A Loan Again (Naturally)."

Sorry about that. It's our 50 years on the Borscht Belt doing a one-woman show at piano with songs, jokes, etc., at resorts, bar mitzvahs, churches and store openings peeking through again. ►

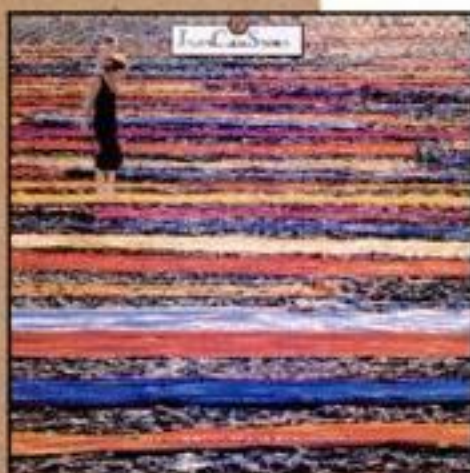
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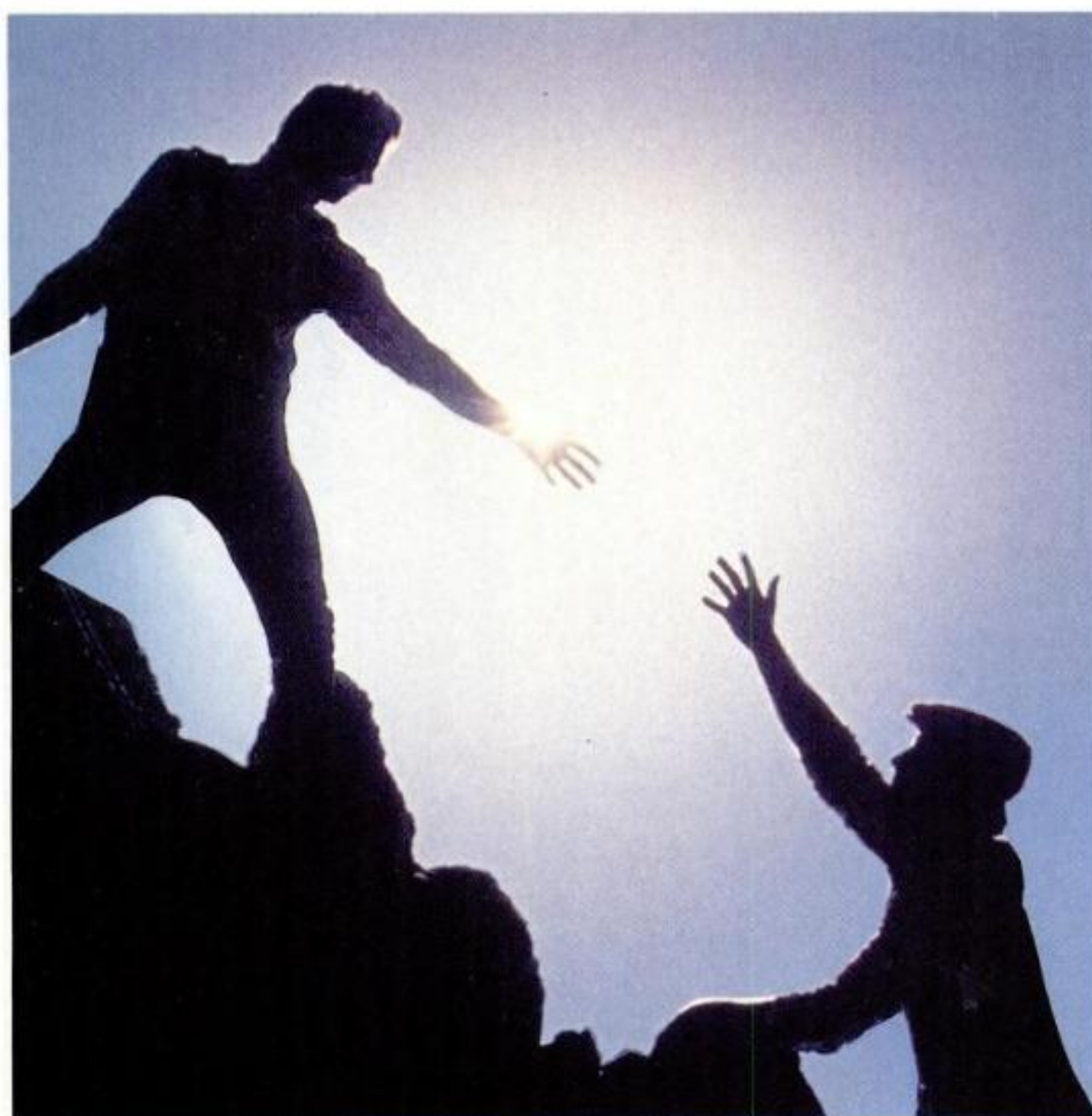
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DEAR EDITORS **A**s a native of *This Town* (said with emphasis similar to that used by northern Californians describing the city of San Francisco), I offer the following addenda:

1. The Tune Inn, an Alan Bates-esque eatery complete with stuffed deer rear ends, is on Capitol Hill (S.E.), not in Georgetown (N.W.). Perhaps your reporters were occupied with computing cab fare and lost track of their location.

2. In addition to reading *The Washington Post* and *The New York Times*, ritual listening to NPR's *All Things Considered* is mandatory. Otherwise, the universe wouldn't revolve around Cokie Roberts.

3. When he's not in a state of diminished capacity, our mayor pays his taxes.

4. Any good parking space, whether on Capitol Hill or within a four-hour hike of any of our airports, is routinely reserved for congressional members and their indispensable white-shirted, tortoiseshell-spectacled staff.

Dona Dickinson
Manassas, Virginia

DEAR EDITORS **D**o you ever make corrections?

The May issue. The Naked City. The Usual Suspects. I have never had a Capitol Hill press pass. I have never had my picture taken for any Washington press pass. And if I were ever to indulge in such behavior, being a Lisgar man, not Glebe, I would surely have whipped myself upright and shouted, "Charge." Where the hell would "Now" get you?

Peter Jennings
New York

In May we reported that while his picture was being taken for his Capitol Hill press pass, Jennings made the photographer wait while he "dropped his head in his lap, spent a few seconds in apparently rapt concentration, then suddenly whipped himself upright and screamed, 'Now!'" The superintendent of the Senate Radio and Television Gallery, Larry Janezich, says that Jennings, a New York resident, is ineligible for a regular press pass but has been issued a temporary pass—for which a photo is also required—a number of times. The woman who presides over the photo-ID desk at the Dirksen Senate Office Building also confirms that Jennings has been in to have his picture taken a number of times. (According to our foreign-affairs desk, Lisgar and Glebe are schools in Ottawa, Jennings's hometown.) ➡➡➡

Message to M. Lynne Murphy of Champaign, Illinois: We think we can assure you with some certainty that our subscription-card slogan ("Start Making Sense") is not a rip-off of the campaign slogan you used ("Start Making Sense") when you ran for student government at UMass-Amherst. No one around here, as far as we know, was "attending or near UMass in 1986." Start making sense, M. By the way, did you win?

Finally, our apologies to Rajesh Venugopal of Queens, though we're sure our mailing list isn't responsible for *all* the junk mail he's getting. "I experienced a considerable fall from grace when I saw, in my mailbox, a subscription offer for something like *Big and Bountiful*," he writes. "My neighbor, a charming though prudish young lady, was horrified, and I've lost six weeks of patient effort with her." Don't give up, Rajesh. We know you can win her back — we're sure of it — with a subscription to that little Dutch newsletter *Optische Fenomenen*. Give it just a couple of issues, and you'll be having contact. Trust us. ☺

CORRECTIONS

In "From the Humpback Whales to the Wild Turkeys..." (March) newts were incorrectly categorized; they are, of course, amphibians. Also, Senator Albert Gore Sr. is not dead (The Fine Print, May). In the June issue, in "It Doesn't Take a Rocket Scientist" the actual Di-one is on the left; and terrorist victim Alfred Herrhausen died in a Mercedes-Benz, not a BMW, as reported in "The Ultimate Driving Machine."

In the photograph illustrating "Peace on Earth — and Jeane Kirkpatrick is Out of a Job" (March) we inadvertently omitted the fashion credits: man's suit, shirt and tie, Paul Smith, 105 Fifth Avenue; man's shoes, Farrutx, 456A West Broadway; woman's suit, Isabel Ardie at Barneys New York. Karen Jones was the stylist.

July's "Lab Rat" described how Dr. Robert Gallo once placed an angry telephone call to the head of a National Institutes of Health review committee and how the committee had decided against promoting Gallo's lab employee Flossie Wong-Staal. In fact, the review committee had only *considered* not promoting her. Wong-Staal eventually got her promotion. ☺

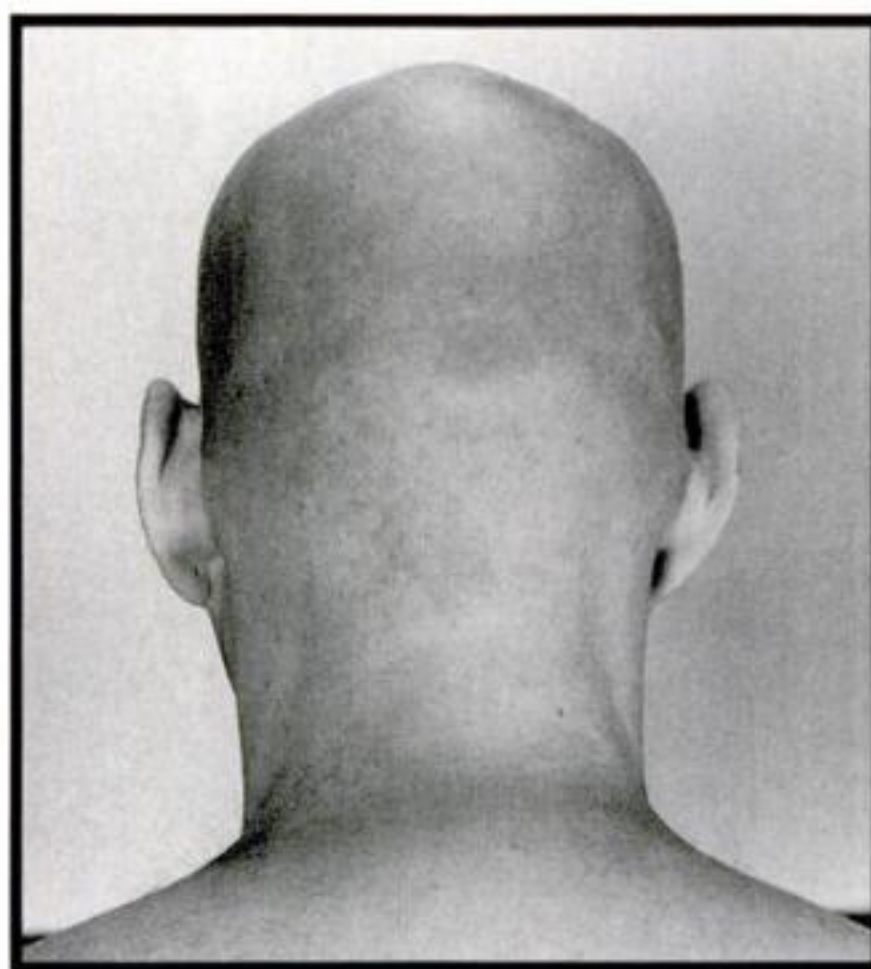
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DEAR EDITORS I was slightly disappointed in your special Washington issue. For instance, I think you could have gone a little bit further with Ted Kennedy. There have been a lot of good alleged upchuck stories associated with the senator. Why couldn't you guys and gals dig up a quote or two about Teddy boy "parking his Buick" in public?

Are you saving these tidbits for a gala Celebrity Cookie-Toss edition?

Ernie Mannix
New York

DEAR EDITORS Reading your May edition was, sadly, like watching Superman being felled by Kryptonite. Despite a noble effort, even SPY magazine couldn't make Washington funny.

J. David Levine
Washington, D.C.

DEAR EDITORS I have read with great interest your excerpts from previous issues dealing with David Owen's predictions of things to come [Ten Years Ago in SPY]. He has an amazing capacity to predict the future.

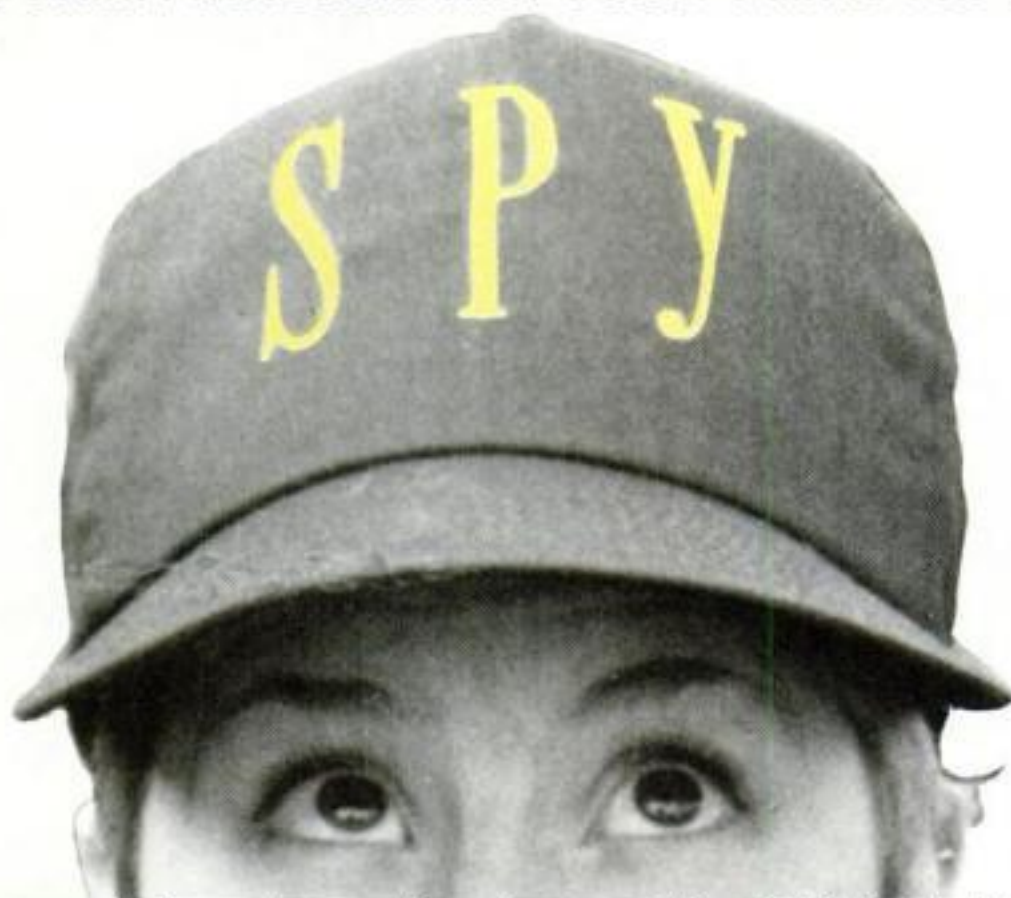
In this regard, I ask you the following questions:

1. What is Mr. Owen doing at the present time?
2. In what position does Mr. Owen anticipate being employed ten years from now?
3. What does Mr. Owen's investment portfolio consist of?
4. If information on the specific holdings he has is not available, please provide the following:
 - a) percent of his holdings in bonds over ten-year maturity;
 - b) percent of his holdings in bonds under ten-year maturity;
 - c) percent in mutual funds;
 - d) percent in growth stocks;
 - e) percent in blue-chip stocks.

I realize that your Letters column is composed of many very humorous letters of general interest. Since this letter is neither funny nor of any particular interest to anyone else, I certainly would understand if it is not published, and as a matter of fact I would prefer that it not be

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Kenneth A. Boelte

Ulysses, Kansas

Sadly, Owen's June 1980 article "Getting Tip-sy" was his last for SPY for almost a decade (during which time, he says, he was on a secret mission for the U.S. government, undermining Communist regimes in Eastern Europe—our loss was the free world's gain). But a precocious young staffer named David Kamp made a strong showing, omniscience-wise, in the 1980s; look for excerpts of his prescient work in upcoming issues.

DEAR EDITORS **H**ere—have some anagrams.

GEORGE BUSH: THE ENVIRONMENTAL PRESIDENT

BET ON THIS, MEN: GENERATE VILE PR HORSE DUNG

THE ACADEMY OF MOTION PICTURE ARTS AND SCIENCES

YES-MAN DEFECTS; CITE ANOTHER ATROCIOUS DAMN PIC

Ken Ritz

Portland, Oregon

DEAR EDITORS **H**ow about some more anagrams?

SPY MAGAZINE

ZAPS N.Y. IMAGE

IZ MANY PAGES

PAINS MY GAZE

MY ZEN IS A GAP

ZANY MAGPIES

Jerry Thomas

Los Angeles, California

DEAR EDITORS **R**eading SPY is like having a fine meal. Have you ever thought about getting rid of those goddamned blow-in cards and instead including some after-dinner mints? Just a thought.

Scott Edelman

Damascus, Maryland

SPY welcomes letters from its readers. Address correspondence to SPY, The SPY Building, 5 Union Square West, New York, N.Y. 10003. Typewritten letters are preferred. Please include your daytime telephone number. Letters may be edited for length or clarity. ☛



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H. KRAVIS



P. NOONAN



B. JOEL

THE FINE PRINT

by Jamie Malanowski

THE LAST LETTER OF MALCOLM FORBES

When we think of Malcolm Forbes in his final days, we don't think of him ballooning or riding his motorcycle or being photographed with Elizabeth Taylor. We think of him writing letters—using his last living moments to take pen in hand and record his final thoughts, as though some great spirit were standing at his shoulder, whispering, *It's time*. Of course, we think that because we have been given a copy of his last letter. Okay, maybe not his very last one; we'll leave it for his biographers to inaugurate an endless controversy about whether he wrote another before succumbing on February 24—although the records show that he spent one of the intervening days playing bridge in London. Even if he did play dummy for a few hands and grab some stationery and write another, it's our bet it didn't express quite the essence of his Malcolmness the way this one does.

February 21, 1990
Ms. La Toya Jackson
c/o Waldorf Astoria
Suite 1970
301 Park Avenue
New York, New York 10022

Dear La Toya:
You "made" my

TINY EIGHTIES RELIC **HENRY KRAVIS** was dining calmly at an Upper East Side restaurant one evening last spring when something suddenly activated his internal social-climbing mechanism: **JESSYE NORMAN**, the jumbo-size soprano, was dining at a corner table not far from the one where Kravis and his wife, clothing designer **CAROLYN ROEHM**, were picking at their meager portions. Eager to add Norman to his list of highbrow sort-of-acquaintances, Kravis begged the owner of the restaurant for an audience with the diva. The meeting was arranged, and the overleveraged buyout hustler was introduced to Norman. After they exchanged pleasantries, Kravis urged, in his inimitable bull-market style, "Please, sing one note—I'll pay you *anything*." Needless to say, Norman politely declined.

PEGGY NOONAN, CONSERVATIVE true believer, probably thought she had passed her loyalty test long ago. She is, after all, the most celebrated and skillful presidential ghostwriter of the age, having concocted speeches for both **RONALD REAGAN** and **GEORGE BUSH** and having written a best-selling book (*What I Saw at the Revolution*) about it. Noonan is now at work on a novel, but evidently she is also sniffing around the public payroll again. Earlier this summer a publishing colleague of Noonan's received a terse official phone call from one of **J. EDGAR HOOVER**'s boys. *Can she be trusted?* the impatient FBI investigator asked, more or less. *Are you serious?* his incredulous interviewee responded. The G-man, it turned out, was conducting a background check and had no idea that Noonan had toiled obediently in the White House for three years.

"LIKE ALL THE LOCALS HERE I've had to sell my home/Too proud to leave I worked my fingers to

the bone," sings multimillionaire East Hampton homeowner **BILLY JOEL** on "The Downeaster 'Alexa,'" the third single from *Storm Front*, his most recent schmaltzfest. To the accompaniment of accordion and fiddle—the current earthy instruments of choice for rockers wishing to convey their integrity—the song's fisherman protagonist laments the plight of Long Island's old-time seafaring population and its vanishing way of life. As it turns out, a good bit of the locals' trouble is attributable to Manifest Destiny doctrinaires like Joel, who five years ago persuaded a long-standing East Marion family to sell him its huge parcel of undeveloped land on the island's North Fork. While workers prepped the fiefdom-to-be to suit the singer's tastes, Joel and his wife, **CHRISTIE BRINKLEY**, rented a house from another venerable North Fork family. The temporary nature of their stay notwithstanding, the Joels found time to have a bitter falling-out with their landlords—evidently so bitter that Joel decided to abandon the North Fork altogether. He unloaded his recently purchased property on a developer, who in turn announced plans to subdivide the grand estate into several one- and two-acre housing plots.

PATRIARCH-BY-DEFAULT **TEDDY KENNEDY** may not be thrilled to learn that yet another writer is looking into Chappaquiddick—but the consolation for Kennedy is that this time the writer is **JOE MCGINNIS**, who is apparently trying to make the misadventure the subject of an upcoming true-crime best-seller, and who is running into some trouble with the project. McGinniss, you will recall, became infamous last year for having betrayed his *Fatal Vision* subject and collaborator, wife killer **JEFFREY MACDONALD**. *I really need to hear your story*, McGinniss desperately pleaded to one Chappaquiddick principal recently. *You have nothing to worry about—you really can trust me. You can.* The interview was not granted.

HOLLYWOOD MAGIC VS. POLITICAL GRANDSTANDING

Who Has a Wobblier Grip on the Truth?

On April 25 Bronx Borough President Fernando Ferrer suggested that Warner Bros.' adaptation of Tom Wolfe's *Bonfire of the Vanities* "goes out of its way to denigrate the Bronx in some particularly offensive ways." While Ferrer's dash to protect the reputation of his 1,223,400 constituents was predictable, even unobjectionable, his defense of his borough's sullied honor was feel-good cheerleading of the most implausible kind.

For the record, here are the facts of life in the Bronx. Last year there were 484 murders, 604 rapes, 16,220 robberies, 20,659 burglaries, 9,577 felonious assaults, 29,698 cases of grand larceny and 11,438 other felonies. In other words, assuming hypothetically that all the perpetrators and victims were locals, about one out of seven Bronxites was involved in a serious crime. Of the 25 elementary schools with the



lowest reading scores in New York City, 13 were in the Bronx. There were 4,172 new high school dropouts out of a total of 48,126 Bronx high school students. There were 161,000 children living in families with incomes below the poverty line. There were

756 reported cases of AIDS.

On the other hand, it's not as though the producers of the film have been so faithful to their source material that they couldn't make a change or two to assuage some hurt feelings. Mundane commercialism has already taken a toll on fidelity. Bruce Willis was cast as Peter Fallow, the British reporter ("Victorian-picture-book blond hair...his long pointed nose, his long slender jaw, his spindly body"), and for the part of Judge Myron Kovitsky ("short, thin, bald...with a sharp nose") the producers chose Morgan Freeman.

—John Brodie

THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

Valentine's Day!

As the son of a Scotsman I loved getting those handsome magnificent leather biking gloves...and, even more, your note about going biking with our Capitalist Tools. I'll be in touch as soon as we have our spring runs scheduled and if you can ride with us one day, it will cause the biggest excitement since Elizabeth Taylor joined the group!

Enclosed is a book about some of our cycle travels and it will be great to have a new chapter headed "La Toya, the Capitalist Tool"!!

[signed] Malcolm

CASHING IN THEIR CHIPS: OUR PREVIEW OF THE GREAT CONGRESSIONAL MONEY GRAB

Over the next two years or so, one of the great spectator sports for Washington insiders will be watching to see which veteran congressmen opt for a premature retirement in order to profit from a soon-to-expire perquisite of membership in the House. Until a decade ago members were able to indulge in a legal kind of graft: when they decided to retire, they were allowed to keep whatever money had been donated to their congressional-campaign committees. Usually they were able to take hundreds of thousands of dollars. This scandalous arrangement — who knows how much influence was purchased with a contribution that was quietly and patiently banked until retirement? — was outlawed in 1980, sort of: the new law, alas, didn't apply to anyone elected before 1980. But last year, as part of the Ethics Reform Act, Congress bravely closed the loophole, sort of: if you want to keep your contributions when you retire, you have to go before January 1, 1993.

This virtually guarantees that over the next two and a half years many longtime legislators will come to

PRIVATE LIVES OF PUBLIC FIGURES



Publisher S. I. Newhouse makes some top-level management decisions.

ILLUSTRATION BY DREW FRIEDMAN

THE SPY LIST

Lisa Bonet
in *Angel Heart*

George Bush

John Cale

The *Exxon Valdez*

Jean-Luc Godard

Barbara Hershey

Alfred Hitchcock

John and Patricia Kluge

Leo Johnson from
Twin Peaks

Les Nessman

Ozzy Osbourne

Frank Perdue

Popi

Martha Stewart

Dave Winfield

Withnail



AND THIS YEAR WE'LL CALL A TORN ROTATOR CUFF OREL HERSHISER'S DISEASE

Baseball Pyrexia — Catch It

THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

the conclusion that it's time to give some young pup a chance. Indeed, it's already happening: Bill Frenzel, who was first elected in 1970 and who is the ranking Republican on the House Budget Committee, has announced that he will step down, even though he is only 62; and Dan Rostenkowski, also 62, the slick machine pol from Chicago who chairs the Ways and Means Committee, has intimated that his proposal to balance the budget may be his last contribution to the common good before he exits. Of course, Frenzel did not mention whether he intends to take his \$358,347 cache with him, nor did Rostenkowski say whether he plans to take the \$1 million-plus he has socked away. Ed Jones of Tennessee has already stepped down and cashed in his \$130,685, and Sam Stratton of New York walked away with \$198,794. (Also benefiting, but less personally, were some congressmen who died in office recently, including Claude Pepper of Florida and Dan Daniel of Virginia, who left \$37,353 and \$112,910 that wasn't really theirs to their respective estates.)

To be sure, some eligible members have honorably refrained from grabbing with both hands, such as Dick Cheney, who passed up \$68,881 when he became secretary of Defense. What follows is a roster of those representatives eligible for this windfall, and how much each stood to make (or forgo) as of February.

Alabama: Tom Beville (D), \$511,511; William Dickinson (D), \$436,750; Ronnie Flippo (D), \$1,012,831

Arizona: Bob Stump (R), \$131,034; Morris Udall (D), \$75,879

Arkansas: Bill Alexander (D), \$46,770; Beryl Anthony (D), \$354,194; John Hammerschmidt (R), \$403,846

California: Glenn Anderson (D), \$147,260; Anthony Beilenson (D), \$81,535; ▶

We don't know what authority is responsible for thinking up the names of diseases, but whoever had the genius in the late 1950s to defer to popular usage and call the ghastly affliction amyotrophic lateral sclerosis "Lou Gehrig's disease" ought to be commended. The name communicates so well—it's simple, memorable, humanized. Why aren't more diseases and syndromes, so often burdened with technical, polysyllabic, hard-to-remember names, renamed in commemoration of some ballplayer whose name everyone can already pronounce?

CONDITION	TRADITIONAL NAME	NEW, MAJOR LEAGUE NAME
Performance of activities requiring motor coordination is markedly below the expected level; manifested in dropping things	Developmental coordination disorder	Juan Samuel's syndrome
Obsessive preoccupation and concern of the patient about his or her state of health or the condition of his or her organs; magnification of the intensity of sensations that most persons disregard	Hypochondria	Rickey Henderson's disease
Episodes of loss of control of aggressive impulses; the degree of aggressiveness expressed is grossly out of proportion to the stimulus	Intermittent explosive disorder	David Cone's disease
Patient becomes irritable or argumentative when asked to do something he or she does not want to do; protests, without justification, that others make unreasonable demands; believes he or she is doing a much better job than others think he or she is doing	Passive-aggressive personality disorder	Darryl Strawberry's disease
Involuntary complex vocal tic involving the use of socially unacceptable words or phrases, often obscene	Coprolalia	Lenny Dykstra's syndrome
Disturbance in the progression of thought, characterized by a rapid digression from one idea to another, though the ideas do not progress to some larger point	Flight of ideas, or clang association	Phil Rizzuto's disease, or Scooter flu
Patient reacts to criticism with feelings of rage, is interpersonally exploitative, has a grandiose sense of self-importance, is preoccupied with fantasies of unlimited success, has a sense of entitlement, requires constant attention, lacks empathy	Narcissistic personality disorder	George Steinbrenner's syndrome
Patient has a compulsion to steal, especially without economic motive	Kleptomania	Bob Engel's disease
Patient places bets obsessively	Pathological gambling	Pete Rose's disease
In men, exaggerated desire for frequent sexual intercourse	Satyriasis	Steve Garvey's disease
Patient expresses emotion with inappropriate exaggeration, displays rapidly shifting and shallow expression of emotions, has no tolerance for delayed gratification	Histrionic personality disorder	Billy Martin's disease
Craterlike texture and swelling on the surface of the proboscis	Rhinophyma	Don Zimmer's disease

—Les Firestein



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with your good judgment.
Bacardi rum,
made in Puerto Rico.

Bacardi Light. Always in good taste.

THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

George Brown (D), \$56,260; William Dannemeyer (R), \$38,742; Ron Dellums (D), \$96,288; Julian Dixon (D), \$74,156; Don Edwards (D), \$43,653; Vic Fazio (D), \$502,863; Augustus Hawkins (D), \$148,795; Robert Lagomarsino (R), \$121,893; Jerry Lewis (R), \$137,805; Robert Matsui (D), \$756,099; George Miller (D), \$480,017; Norman Mineta (D), \$368,526; Carlos Moorhead (R), \$720,386; Leon Panetta (D), \$147,037; Charles Pashayan (R), \$34,803; Edward Roybal (D), \$197,879; Norman Shumway (R), \$125,486; Pete Stark (D), \$243,198; William Thomas (R), \$187,683; Henry Waxman (D), \$467,258

Colorado: Pat Schroeder (D), \$255,297

Florida: Charles Bennett (D), \$317,943; Dante Fascell (D), \$596,914; Sam Gibbons (D), \$623,643; Earl Hutto (D), \$80,789; Andrew Ireland (R), \$90,333; William Lehman (D), \$216,381; Bill Young (R), \$332,266

Georgia: Doug Barnard Jr. (D), \$556,990; Newt Gingrich (R), \$31,915; Ed Jenkins (D), \$467,600

Hawaii: Daniel Akaka (D), \$131,166

Illinois: Frank Annunzio (D), \$190,777; Cardiss Collins (D), \$224,142; Philip Crane (R), \$110,290; Henry Hyde (R), \$212,572; Edward Madigan (R), \$450,253; Robert Michel (R), \$128,604; Dan Rostenkowski (D), \$1,052,462; Martin Russo (D), \$51,052; Sidney Yates (D), \$247,037

Indiana: Lee Hamilton (D), \$135,217; Andrew Jacobs (D), \$17,858; John Myers (R), \$96,292; Philip Sharp (D), \$219,755

Iowa: Jim Leach (R), \$35,551; Neal Smith (D), \$344,864; Thomas Tauke (R), \$300,004

Kansas: Daniel Glickman (D), \$127,475; Bob Whitaker (R), \$524,099

Kentucky: Larry Hopkins ▶

AUGUST DATEBOOK

Enchanting and
Alarming Events
Upcoming

1 The Iris and B. Gerald Cantor Roof Garden opens its fourth season atop The Metropolitan Museum of Art. Crafty Upper East Side schoolboys saw holes in the floor and dangle their legs into the Lila Acheson Wallace Wing below, fooling snooty museumgoers into thinking that a new Red Grooms exhibition has been mounted. Years later, one of the mischief-makers writes in his best-selling, self-aggrandizing boyhood memoir, "As that summer at the Met drew to a close, as our dangling legs grew goosepocked from the

encroaching autumn breeze, Kip and I realized that what we were hanging on to was, in fact, our youth."

1 Al D'Amato turns 53, not an ideal age at which to receive a prison sentence.

2 On PBS's *This Old House*, Steve and Norm continue their restoration of



a Concord barn. Terracotta tiling begins.

3 Denzel Washington opens in *Richard III*; Delacorte Theater, Central Park. And the Jaycees in Sheboygan sponsor "Bratwurst Days," a bratwurstaganza featuring a flea market, a stumpfiddle contest and — yep! — bratwurst.

8 U2 guitarist The

Edge is born David Howell Evans, 1961; hairline starts to recede, 1970; last seen without a hat, 1986.

9 Ocean City, New Jersey, hosts its annual Baby Parade. At the scene live, WABC-TV

Eyewitness News puffball Chauncey Howell reports, "Kaity,

things here have slowed down — to a crawl!"

18 On PBS's *Hometime*, Dean and JoAnne roof a three-season porch.

25 On PBS's *The Collectors*, Dana and Bob visit Drayton Hall, a southern plantation, to appraise silver and furniture.

26 The Museum of the City of New York

sponsors a walking tour entitled "The East Village: Where Greenwich Village Reinvented Itself." The tour costs \$15. That's right — you pay 15 bucks to step over 1981 issues of *Discover* and *Oui*.

27 First round of the U.S. Open Tennis Championships; the USTA National Tennis Center, Flushing Meadows-Corona Park, Queens. As usual, the bleachers are filled with leathery middle-aged wives wearing tennis whites, as if at any moment the linesman might say, "Ladies and gentlemen, Steffi Graf has torn a ligament in her right hand. You, in the first row, in the Fila ensemble — service!" ▶



Walter Monheit's
BLURB-O-MAT

Capsule Movie Reviews by Walter "Dateline: The Copa" Monheit™, the Movie Publicist's Friend

THE FRESHMAN, starring Marlon Brando, Matthew Broderick (Tri-Star) ○○○○

Walter Monheit says, "Broderick graduates into a class with Brando, and commencement's at the Dorothy Chandler Pavilion! But uh-oh, better grease up the freight entrance for Marlon! Hey, Oscar — get the butter!"

AIR AMERICA, starring Mel Gibson, Robert Downey Jr. (Tri-Star) ○○○○





Walter Monheit says, "Taxi down the runway, Bobby Jr.! Cap'n Oscar just cleared you for takeoff!"

DARK MAN, starring Frances McDormand, Liam Neeson (Universal) ○○○○

Walter Monheit says, "Mel and Warren — beat it! Michael J. — amscray! Summer '90 is Neeson season! Oooof!"

What the monacles mean: ○○○○ — excellent; ○○○○○ — indisputably a classic

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LOGROLLING IN OUR TIME

THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

(R), \$660,682; Carroll Hubbard Jr. (D), \$266,876; Romano Mazzoli (D), \$19,721

Louisiana: Lindy Boggs (D), \$28,789; Jerry Huckaby (D), \$309,896; Robert Livingston (R), \$181,112

Maryland: Beverly Byron (D), \$61,305

Massachusetts: Silvio Conte (R), \$280,667; Brian Donnelly (D), \$457,829; Joseph Early (D), \$125,091; Ed Markey (D), \$493,521; Nicholas Mavroules (D), \$97,748; Joe Moakley (D), \$378,913; Gerry Studds (D), \$92,785

Michigan: David Bonior (D), \$238,637; William Broomfield (R), \$655,542; John Conyers (D), \$18,466; Bob Davis (R), \$143,085; John Dingell (D), \$268,707; William Ford (D), \$223,618; Dale Kildee (D), \$24,651; Carl Pursell (R), \$154,564; Bob Traxler (D), \$295,029; Guy Vander Jagt (R), \$133,864; Howard Wolpe (D), \$117,486

Minnesota: Bill Frenzel (R), \$358,347; James Oberstar (D), \$347,843; Martin Sabo (D), \$279,688; Arlan Stangeland (R), \$84,516; Bruce Vento (D), \$214,503

Mississippi: Sunny Montgomery (D), \$116,627; Jamie Whitten (D), \$435,184

Missouri: Tom Coleman (R), \$127,908; William Clay (D), \$71,878; Dick Gephardt (D), \$6,796; Ike Skelton (D), \$317,244; Harold Volkmer (D), \$175,871

Montana: Ron Marlenee (R), \$104,381; Pat Williams (D), \$142,752

Nebraska: Douglas Bereuter (R), \$81,064; Virginia Smith (R), \$32,551

New Jersey: Frank Guarini (D), \$167,088; William Hughes (D), \$186,613; Matthew Rinaldo (R), \$878,982; Robert Roe (D), \$533,628

New York: Thomas Downey (D), \$443,755; Hamilton Fish (R), \$147,815; Benjamin Gilman (R), \$153,546; Bill Green (R), \$243,935; Frank Horton

"Makes you want to go back and read every word Kate Simon has ever written, then wait hungrily for more." — Le Anne Schreiber on Kate Simon's *Bronx Primitive*

"Le Anne Schreiber has written of the eternal pas de deux of life and death with a clear eye, with compassion, with verity, and with high skill." — Simon on Schreiber's *Midstream*

"Herb Stein's guide for the perplexed arrives in the nick of time." — George F. Will on Herbert Stein's *Presidential Economics*

"A marvel of style, personality, character, learning and intelligence." — Stein on Will's *The Pursuit of Virtue & Other Tory Notions*

"Breathtaking, brilliantly executed." — Edna Buchanan on John Katzenbach's *Day of Reckoning*

"A helluva book." — Katzenbach on Buchanan's *Nobody Lives Forever*

—Howard Kaplan



UH-OH! IT'S DAFFYNITION TIME!

Ode-to-the-Outgoing-Managing-Editor Edition

DOWN

- 1 Half of a comic team
- 2 Synan, e.g.
- 3 An expert on E. O'Neill
- 4 Inuit



—reprinted from The New York Times, May 10 and 11, 1990

CELESTIAL HINDSIGHT

SPY's Horoscope for Skeptics

Subject: MICHAEL MILKEN

Sign: Cancer (b. 7/4/46)

Date: April 24, 1990

Notable Activity: Pleaded guilty to six felony charges, including conspiracy, securities fraud and mail fraud; agreed to pay fine and restitution totaling \$600 million, which reportedly will leave him with \$1 billion

Horoscope: "You have a great gift, the ability to spit in the eye of calamity, and you may have to call on it this month. In the face of natural disaster or terrorist attack, remember that...you will always have enough to eat." —Michael Lutin, *Vanity Fair*



Subject: MIKHAIL GORBACHEV

Sign: Pisces (b. 3/2/31)

Date: May 1, 1990

Notable Activity: At May Day parade, endured protests from disgruntled Soviet citizens, who shouted that he should resign

Horoscope: "An emotionally charged showdown.... Communicate your feelings honestly. Don't take things too personally." —Usha, *USA Today*



Subject: ZSA ZSA GABOR

Sign: Aquarius (b. 2/6/20, reportedly)

Date: May 1, 1990

Notable Activity: Was sentenced to 60 additional hours of public service after judge said she hadn't served her previous sentence for slapping a Beverly Hills police officer

Horoscope: "You've gotten yourself into a complex and gooey web, and in spite of all your bravado you feel trapped." —Michael Lutin, *Vanity Fair*

—George Mannes





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“PARDONNEZ-MOI, OÙ EST UN PARISIEN AVEC HUMANITÉ OU COMPASSION?”

A SPY Pronunciation Gazetteer for the World Traveler

THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

(R), \$165,180; John LaFalce (D), \$516,075; Norman Lent (R), \$600,166; Matthew McHugh (D), \$131,835; Henry Nowak (D), \$205,369; Charles Rangel (D), \$331,198; James Scheuer (D), \$264; Steve Solarz (D), \$1,393,257; Gerald Solomon (R), \$131,680; Ted Weiss (D), \$77,462

North Carolina: Bill Hefner (D), \$234,685; Walter Jones (D), \$297,227; Stephen Neal (D), \$123,251; Charles Rose (D), \$438,720

Ohio: Douglas Applegate (D), \$139,381; Willis Gradison (R), \$408,104; Tony Hall (D), \$287,533; Thomas Luken (D), \$48,017; Clarence Miller (R), \$105,581; Mary Rose Oakar (D), \$39,048; Don Pease (D), \$320,936; Ralph Regula (R), \$89,918; Louis Stokes (D), \$208,537; Chalmers Wylie (R), \$65,638

Oklahoma: Mickey Edwards (R), \$59,927; Glenn English (D), \$269,823; Mike Synar (D), \$104,327; Wesley Watkins (D), \$156,052

Oregon: Les AuCoin (D), \$373,960

Pennsylvania: William Clinger (R), \$126,728; Lawrence Coughlin (R), \$260,846; Joseph Gaydos (D), \$114,555; William Goodling (R), \$10,735; Bill Gray (D), \$32,649; Joseph McDade (R), \$318,227; Austin Murphy (D), \$81,453; John Murtha (D), \$256,392; Donald Ritter (R), \$69,721; Richard Schulze (R), \$356,012; Bud Shuster (R), \$174,595; Doug Walgren (D), \$185,343; Robert Walker (R), \$55,480; Gus Yatron (D), \$165,969

South Carolina: Butler Derrick (D), \$183,056; Floyd Spence (R), \$33,270

Tennessee: Harold Ford (D), \$6,486; Marilyn Lloyd (D), \$149,940; James Quillen (R), \$881,704

Texas: William Archer (R), \$644,472; Jack Brooks (D), \$527,629; Kika de la Garza (D), \$148,388; Martin ▶

It is not uncommon for American tourists to find themselves in situations in which their grasp of the native language proves inadequate. Part of the problem is that traditional phrase books, so quick to inform us how to respond politely in situations involving cousins or gloves, are much less helpful when the tide of events turns to personal inconvenience and unpleasantness. Thus the visitor to Pamplona, equipped with scores of flowery phrases about *vino* and *arte*, finds himself ill equipped to impress upon others the fact that he has been gored by a bull and is unable to clot. Herewith, a brief guide to communicating abroad, with special emphasis on some of the phenomena the international traveler may actually encounter.

FRANCE

We are confused by the telephone. *Luh tay-lay-PHONE noo pah-RAY com-plee-KAY.*

Our waiter has abandoned us. *NO-trrb sair-VOOR noo-ZAH ab-bon-do-NAY.*

Six thousand francs? Surely you are joking. *See meel franhs? Voo dub-VAY sair-ten-MONH play-sonh-TAY.*

ITALY

Our luggage was sent to Parma. *Lay NO-stray vah-LEE-jay so-no STAT-ay speh-DEE-tay ab PAR-ma.*

...to London. *... ab LON-dra.*

...to Zagreb. *... ab Zah-GAH-bree-yah.*

We have been waiting three hours. *Ab-BYAH-mo ab-speh-TAH-to tray OR-ay.*

We are made uncomfortable by your rather lively sense of humor. *Eel VO-stro SEN-so del oo-more-IZ-mo pew-TOAST-o spic-CAH-to chee DAH-vah fahs-TEE-dee-o.*

Someone has had intercourse on our bed! *Kwal-KOO-no ab-VAY-vah FAH-to dell SES-so sool NO-stro LET-to!*

GERMANY

Our valuables have been stolen! *OON-zair vert-gay-gen-SHTEN-da zint geb-SHTOH-len!*

Our valuables have been washed! *OON-zair vert-gay-gen-SHTEN-da zint geb-VOSH-en!*

ISRAEL

After dinner we walked near the settlement, where we were held at gunpoint by strange men. *Ab-ba-RAY ba-ab-ROO-ba ba-LAKH-noo LAY-yahd ba-yay-SHOOV vay-nay-et-SAR-noo all-yay-DAY ab-nah-SHEEM moo-zab-REEM.*

MEXICO

We are sunburned and angry. *Es-TAH-mos toe-STAH-dose pore el sole ee en-fab-DAH-dose.*

The younger of your two sons has urinated on our luggage. *El may-NOR day soos dose EE-boce ab oh-ree-NAH-doe en new-ace-tro eh-key-PAH-hay.*

—Henry Alford

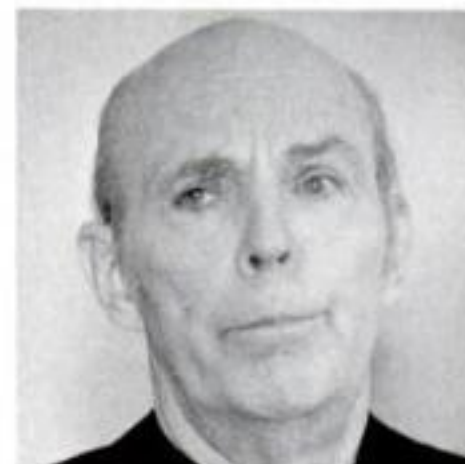
SEPARATED AT BIRTH?



Marla Maples...



and Monty Hall?



Father Bruce Ritter...



and Stella Stevens?



Johnny Depp...



and Bond girl Talisa Soto?

ETTA JAMES
'STICKIN' TO MY GUNS' PRODUCED BY BARRY BECKETT ADDITIONAL PRODUCTION BY ETTA JAMES

One of the most influential

blues/rock 'n' roll singers of all

time. Etta James is armed with

some of the most powerful R&B

plated bullets you've ever heard, on

her new album, 'Stickin' To My

Guns'. "This is the American

Culture, it's the blues," says Etta. "I

just wanted to bring it up to the

present." She puts the old with the

new, and stays timeless and true.



John Mayall

'A SENSE OF PLACE' PRODUCED BY R.S. FIELD



'The Godfather of British Blues',

John Mayall is here to please his

loyal following of die hard fans and

introduce his familiar name to a

growing appreciative audience. 'A

Sense Of Place' features his

heartfelt vocals, boogie-based

piano, soulful harmonica, and most

of all, his impeccable taste.



'WHERE THERE'S SMOKE THERE'S FIRE' PRODUCED BY DAVID HIDALGO EXECUTIVE PRODUCER TED FOX

Buckwheat Zydeco

Blues, rock 'n' roll, Creole -- forget

the categories. On 'Where There's

Smoke There's Fire', Buckwheat

Zydeco rocks their roots like never

before. Smokin' as always, Stanley

'Buckwheat' Dural and his band

capture all the soulful energy

necessary for a floor shakin', foot

stompin' good time.



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THE HITLER CHANNEL: ALL ADOLF, ALL THE TIME

On the Eve of German Reunification, a Guide to TV's Ad Hoc Nazi Network

THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

Frost (D), \$384,705; Henry Gonzalez (D), \$65,181; Marvin Leath (D), \$487,353; Jake Pickle (D), \$182,344; Charles Stenholm (D), \$58,785; Charles Wilson (D), \$51,833

Washington: Norman Dicks (D), \$310,852; Tom Foley (D), \$703,371; Allan Swift (D), \$234,591

West Virginia: Nick Rahall (D), \$481,236

Wisconsin: Les Aspin (D), \$230,510; Robert Kastemeier (D), \$28,570; David Obey (D), \$307,182; Thomas Petri (R), \$339,979; Toby Roth (R), \$268,464; James Sensenbrenner (R), \$166,192

(Andrea Rider assisted in researching this piece.)

IT'S ON THE PRIZE

Once again it's time to look at some of the journalists whose work was submitted for a Pulitzer prize, in an effort to find out who is in favor with his or her boss.

From *The New York Times*, executive editor Max Frankel nominated Jane Brody, Vincent Canby, Steven Crist, Maureen Dowd, Walter Goodman, Linda Greenhouse, Jane Gross, Gina Kolata, Nicholas Kristof and Sheryl WuDunn (who won), Bruce Lambert, Andrew Malcolm, David Margolick, Douglas Martin, Peter Passell, Frank Rich, John Russell, Serge Schmemmann, Philip Shenon and Michael Winery. Editorial-page editor Jack Rosenthal nominated David C. Anderson. Former *Times* arts reporter Samuel G. Freedman nominated *Times* rock critic Jon Pareles.

Lou Colasuonno, managing editor of the *New York Post*, nominated his boss, editor in chief and columnist Jerry Nachman — evidently because he thought, with complete objectivity, that Nachman called to mind no one so much as Walter Lippmann in his heyday. Nachman didn't win. ☺

For a regime that ended nearly half a century ago, the Third Reich still gets an awful lot of television time. In any given sitting, a viewer with the full complement of cable channels is virtually guaranteed a chance to see armbanded troops goose-stepping through Berlin while ominous tympanic rolls fill the soundtrack and a Richard Basehart-like voice-over portentously announces, "March 1939... Hitler declares the dissolution of Czechoslovakia." The Arts & Entertainment Network is the prime operative in staking out airwave Lebensraum, reliably offering hours and hours of war documentaries each week, many of them Hitler-related. "The audience is very vocal about these shows," explains A&E publicist Pamela Giddon. "I see all these shows on Rommel and Hitler and wonder sometimes. But they fare well in the ratings." Fortunately, during those rare time slots when A&E is instead airing A&E's *An Evening at the Improv* or sundry British foppery, other networks pick up the slack, creating, in effect, a dream come true for white supremacists and adolescent war-game buffs: the Hitler Channel!

Herewith, a full slate* of HTV programming for the typical sample week beginning February 11, 1990, which was, incidentally, several weeks before A&E premiered *Art in the Third Reich* (two parts), *Biography*: "Joseph Goebbels" and *Mussolini: The Untold Story* (two parts).

SUNDAY

A&E, 5:00 p.m. *The Eagle and the Bear*: "Dateline: 1945, Road to Berlin." (½ hr.)

A&E, 6:00 p.m. *Our Century*: "World War II," part 2 of 3. (1 hr.)

WWOR, 7:00 p.m. TV film: *Inside the Third Reich* (1982), part 1 of 2. Rutger Hauer, Blythe Danner. (2 hrs.)

MONDAY

The Movie Channel, 8:00 a.m. Film: *Kelly's Heroes* (1970). Clint Eastwood, Telly Savalas, Don Rickles. All-star cast engineers a gold-heist mission behind Nazi lines. (2½ hrs.)

WWOR, 8:00 p.m. TV film: *Inside the Third Reich* (1982), part 2 of 2. (2 hrs.)

TUESDAY

A&E, 6:00 a.m. *Golden Age of Television*: "Operation Spark." David Wayne plots to assassinate Hitler. (½ hr.)

Cinemax, 2:30 p.m. Film: *Hitler* (1962). Richard Basehart, Mario Emo. (2 hrs.)

The Disney Channel, 6:00 p.m. Film: *Star Wars* (1977). Mark Hamill, Harrison Ford, Carrie Fisher. High-tech space fantasy whose villains borrow blatantly from Nazi iconography. (2 hrs.)

A&E, 8:00 p.m. *Biography*: "The Fatal Attraction of Adolf Hitler," part 1 of 2. (1 hr.)

WNYE, 10:00 p.m. *No Father, No Mother, No Uncle Sam*. World War II orphans. (1 hr.)

WEDNESDAY

WNJM, 8:00 p.m. *Entertaining the Troops*. Tribute to performers who entertained military troops at home and abroad, especially during World War II. (2 hrs.)

A&E, 9:00 p.m. *Our Century*: "World War II," part 3 of 3. (1 hr.)

WNJM, 10:00 p.m. *How Hitler Lost the War*. Documentary. (1½ hrs.)

THURSDAY

A&E, 8:00 p.m. *Heroes*: "Forrest Vosler." Documentary about radioman-gunner Vosler, whose B-17 went down in the English Channel in World War II. (½ hr.)

TNT, 8:00 p.m. Film: *Flying Leathernecks* (1951). John Wayne, Robert Ryan. Marine pilots get in on the World War II action. (2 hrs.)

WNJM, 10:00 p.m. *Showbiz Goes to War*. David Steinberg, host. Chronicle of the entertainment industry's contributions to the war effort during World War II. (2 hrs.)

FRIDAY

TNT, 2:30 a.m. Film: *Reach for Glory* (1962). Harry Andrews, Kay Walsh. British World War II drama. (2¾ hrs.)

SATURDAY

A&E, 4:30 p.m. *Profiles*: "Adolf Hitler." (½ hr.)

WLIW, 10:00 p.m. *World at War*: "France Falls." Documentary. (1 hr.)

—David Kamp

*This schedule does not include reruns of *Hogan's Heroes* or *Combat* in syndication.



THE LIZ SMITH TOTE BOARD

A Monthly Tally

mentioned once every...	
Donald Trump	1.8
Liz herself	2
Ivana Trump	2.4
Marla Maples	4.8
Barbara Bush	6
A Current Affair	6
Diane Sawyer	6
Warren Beatty	8
Katharine Hepburn	8
Frank Sinatra	8
Tina Brown	12
Pan Am	12
Sylvester Stallone	12
Robert Caro	24
Lenin's "disastrous"	
ideology	24
SPY	24
Frank Stallone	24

...days

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Our Monthly Anagram
Analysis

OPTIFAST
FATSO TIP

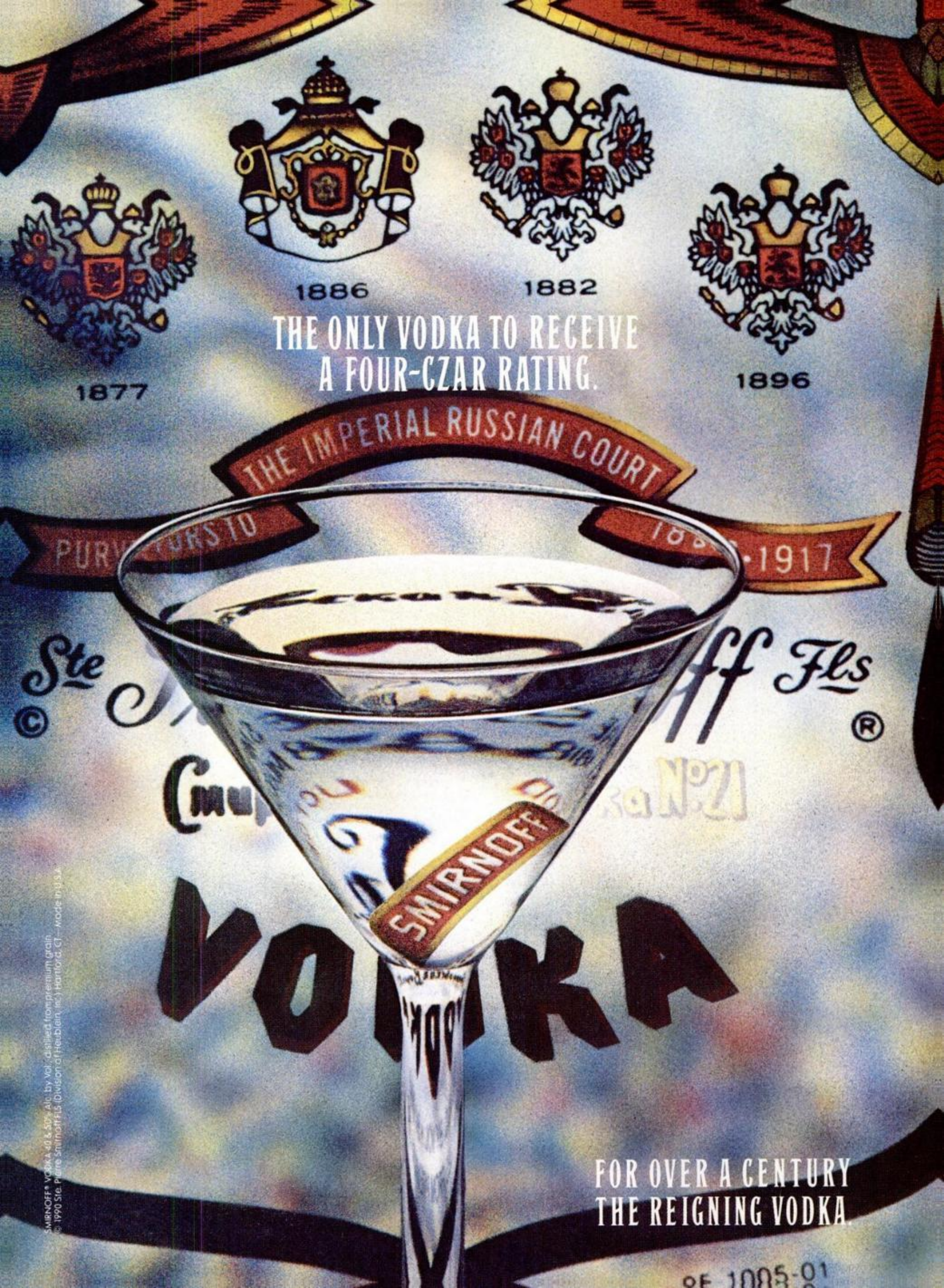
ELVIS PRESLEY
YES, SERVE PILL

PRESIDENT FIDEL
CASTRO
CAST FRIENDLIER DESPOT

LEWIS LAPHAM
WELL, A MISHAP

GENERAL MOTORS
LARGEST NO MORE

—Andy Aaron



1886

1882

1896

1877

THE ONLY VODKA TO RECEIVE
A FOUR-CZAR RATING.

THE IMPERIAL RUSSIAN COURT

PURVISURSTO

1882-1917

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VODKA

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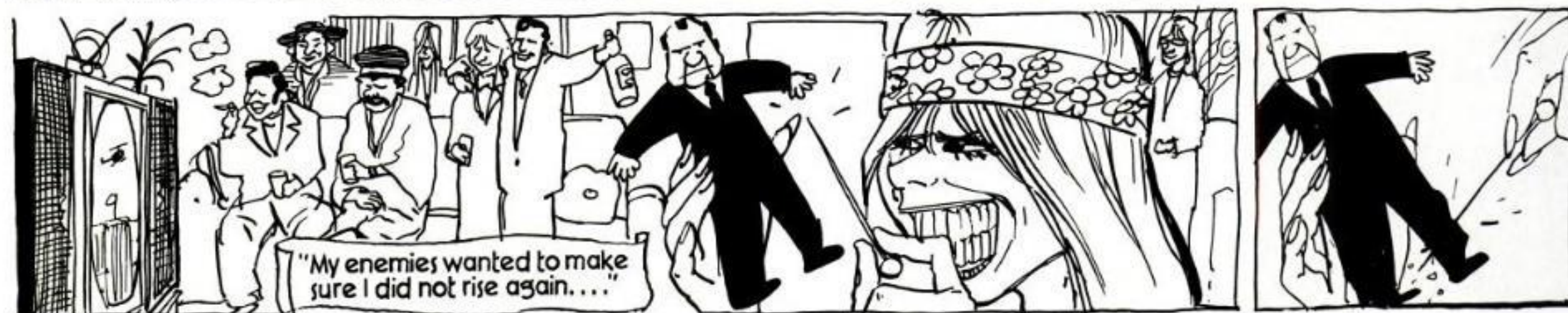
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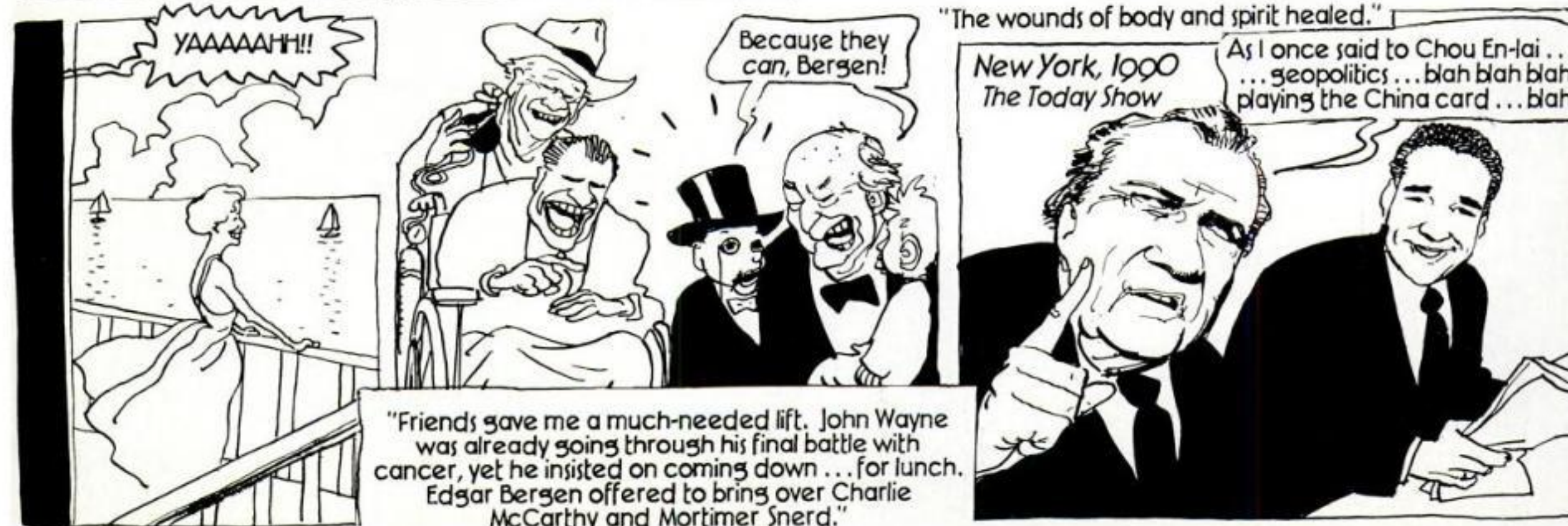
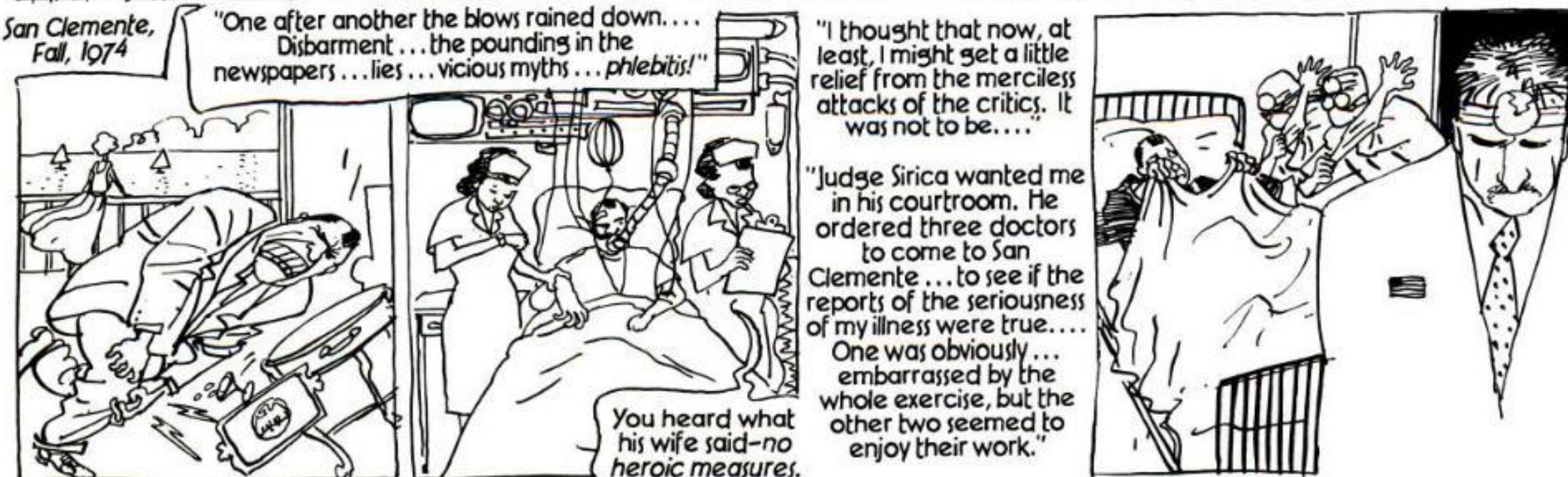
NO. 1: RICHARD NIXON'S *IN THE ARENA:* *A MEMOIR OF VICTORY, DEFEAT AND RENEWAL*

All material in quotes actually taken from book!

August 9, 1974



San Clemente,
Fall, 1974



ADAPTATION BY BRUCE HANDY

ILLUSTRATION BY KYLE BAKER

Copyrighted material



"THERE'S A MAKE-BELIEVE FLY IN MY SOUP"

An Irresponsible SPY Guide to Consumer Complaining

Lonely? Crave a response from people? Want someone to write to besides those Indonesian pen pals who always end up asking for boat fare to Hawaii? Apart from sitting right down and writing yourself a letter, there's something else you can try: writing to corporate America. Most large companies have special departments set up just to listen to you. Though they exist mainly to receive complaints about their companies' products, they'll be happy to read anything sent to them — fan mail, hate mail, borderline-psychotic variations on the two preceding categories.

In return, you're likely to get an answer — judging from our experience, an all-too-accommodating answer. And also free coupons, free samples, recipes, pamphlets and even, occasionally, U.S. currency. For the price of a rented post office box in Mississippi, SPY got skilled typist DAVID ADAM to send out under cover of various pseudonyms 15 spurious consumer-complaint letters.

COMPANY	PRODUCT	COMPLAINT	RESPONSE TIME	COMPENSATION
Campbell Soup Co.	Franco-American SpaghettiOs	Too gelatinous; couldn't separate the little O's	30 days	Letter from company's consumer correspondent expressing appreciation for time consumer took to comment; two coupons for the purchase of free products from Campbell, Swanson, Franco-American, V-8, Pepperidge Farm, Prego, Mrs. Paul's, Vlasic, Marie's, Early California, Casera, Durkee or Open Pit brands
Coors Brewing Co.	Coors Light beer	Kerosene taste (suggestion that disgruntled factory worker is contaminating the beer; accusation of communist conspiracy)	12 days	Letter from company's consumer-information assistant assuring that highest quality is being maintained; Coors souvenir ball-point pen
General Foods USA	Jell-O Brand French vanilla pudding and pie filling	Red streak in mixture; children frightened by "blood"	19 days	Explanation from senior consumer representative that trace of another flavor had accidentally been mixed in; three \$1 coupons for any Jell-O products; form card exclaiming, "It's good to hear from you...because it helps us help you!"
Harrods	Christmas pudding	Chemical flavor; crumbly texture (pointed comment about disintegration of British empire)	15 days	Letter of deep regret stating that pudding baker had been notified, followed three weeks later by second letter, with explanation from supplier that puddings must have been stored near chemicals, followed by airmail delivery of one fruitcake two days after that
Keebler Co.	Pecan Sandies	Violent fit of vomiting after ingesting product (inexcusable pun about losing cookies)	124 days*	None
Kellogg Co.	Kellogg's Apple Jacks	No prize in box (petulant insistence on the principle of the thing)	33 days	Form letter from Kellogg's consumer-affairs department thanking consumer for bringing matter to their attention; three free prizes (ghost detectors)
Kikkoman International Inc.	Kikkoman soy sauce	Roast basted with Kikkoman had burned-rubber taste (cheap insult about Japanese products)	20 days	Extremely concerned letter from manager of consumer services offering to chemically analyze remaining contents of bottle, followed three weeks later by manila envelope containing oriental cookbook and guilt-inducing \$5 bill — later returned to Kikkoman — to pay for spoiled roast
Kraft General Foods Inc.	Cracker Barrel extra-sharp Cheddar cheese	Package only three-quarters full (unfavorable comparison with Japanese packaging)	23 days	Letter proposing specious theory about "air bubble"; check for \$3.25; coupon for free package of cheese and another for 35 cents off any other Kraft purchase
Thomas J. Lipton Inc.	Lipton Flo-Thru tea bags	Tags came off little strings (nostalgic recollection of good old days and company's better, sturdier tea bags)	27 days	Assurance from consumer-affairs department that Lipton products are manufactured under strict supervision; coupon for free box of tea bags; one Lipton Tea 100th-anniversary bookmark
Nabisco Biscuit Co.	Triscuits	Insect legs woven into crackers	125 days*	None
Pilot Corporation of America	Pilot BP-S fine-point pen	Pen breaks at knurled section on top; has happened 20 times (insinuation of flawed design)	21 days	Letter apologizing for inconvenience while asserting quality of Pilot products; one replacement BP-S fine-point pen
The Procter & Gamble Co.	Pringles potato chips	Chips weren't perfectly stacked in cylinder; only thing in the world consumer could count on has let him down	124 days*	None
Ralston Purina Co.	Oat Bran Options	Extreme flatulence experienced after eating product; resulting embarrassment	18 days	Consoling letter from company nutrition specialist; offer to analyze contents of suspect cereal box; coupons for four free boxes of any Ralston cereal
Sara Lee Bakery	Sara Lee pound cake	Cake fell apart at touch of knife; dinner party absolutely ruined	40 days	Letter from consumer-services department hypothesizing that extreme temperature changes caused problem and asking where product was purchased; coupons for one free pound cake and 25 cents off any other Sara Lee purchase; recipe flier promoting Sara Lee bagels
Van Camp Seafood Co., Inc.	Chicken of the Sea tuna	Grayish mass in middle of can (hint that consumer's schizophrenic disorder was aggravated by this)	17 days	Less-than-reassuring letter suggesting grayness was maybe caused by small piece of fish skin; coupons for two free cans

*And counting

BOOKS



Erroll



Si

ERROLLY
HE ROLLS
ALONG: SI'S
NEW GUY
AT
PANTHEON

I'm not a man easily surprised, but even I was taken aback when Pantheon, once a stereotypically bookish backwater of left-

ist, Bob Bernstein-esque propriety, became this year's theater of power struggle within the Newhouse empire. I was bemused again when the Pantheon hoo-ha—begun when Si Newhouse decided to scale back the unprofitable imprint—climaxed with the appointment of my old friend Erroll McDonald, a New York nightlife fixture, as executive editor of the foundering house. The post had been vacated by André Schiffrin, Pantheon's beloved avatar, after Newhouse ordered the cutbacks. The ensuing exodus of sanctimonious Pantheon workers coincided with McDonald's *New York Times* Op-Ed piece, "At Pantheon Books, A Welfare Mentality," in which he asserted that Pantheon's troubles owed themselves to the incompetence and arrogance of Schiffrin and his editors.

One would assume from such a tack that McDonald is a model of fiscal probity. Uh...no. His track record suggests an editor of not insubstantial talents but one with few bottom-line successes. Indeed, he is responsible for one of Random House's more colorful and expensive blunders of the 1980s.

McDonald had apparently run into Klaus Kinski at a party and, George Weidenfeld-style, signed him up on the spot with a \$250,000 advance to write his autobiography. When the erratic German actor's manuscript failed to materialize, McDonald selflessly flew to Rome, where he stayed on while Kinski wheedled some more time out of him. Returning to New York with a putatively finished manuscript, McDonald sprang into action,

bypassing Random's legal and research departments. Only when a publicist wondered aloud about the book's libel potential—Kinski's *All I Need Is Love: A Memoir* was perhaps the only autobiography of the year to describe 162 sexual encounters, with names and olfactory details included—did McDonald's boss, Joni Evans, discover that he had ignored the standard, tedious routing procedures. Evans ordered in a team of lawyers, who vetted the book until the last possible minute. The story would end there, except that a German publishing firm informed Random House that it had already published portions of Kinski's manuscript. Evans, by this time apoplectic, stopped shipping the book to stores after the original 10,000-copy printing.

Such a debacle might cripple another career, but McDonald's picaresque adventures—he was out gambling with his author Jack Henry Abbott the night Abbott murdered a young waiter—serve only to propel him upward, from subsidiary-rights salesman at Random in 1977, to junior editor, to executive editor of Vintage Books and now to the exalted stewardship of Pantheon.

Preternaturally energetic at night, McDonald fairly glides through the Random House offices during the day. He tends to ignore workaday American writers and has been known practically to break off communication with authors once their manuscripts are turned in—that includes sparing them the bother of approving jacket copy. (He forgot, for instance, to credit the translator of the Kinski opus.) His cavalier regard for deadlines is such that the refrain "Oh, that's an Erroll book" has become a Random House euphemism for *Don't count on that baby's coming in on time*. In short, McDonald exhibits precisely the

qualities—a talent for developing a stable of writers of international importance (Nobel Prize winner Wole Soyinka, Chinese-British novelist Timothy Mo) and a cultivated distaste for prosaic responsibilities and for the bottom line—for which Schiffrin's Pantheon had been taken to task by Newhouse and by McDonald himself.

Despite the Kinski imbroglio, Evans cherishes McDonald as an oasis of bop-until-you-drop hip in a desert of dweebishness, and McDonald has tried to ensure that Evans see him this way. A week before her arrival from Simon & Schuster, he junked his office's undergraduate-clutter motif in favor of diffused lighting and an abstract painting.

In and out of the office, McDonald engages in almost nonstop rebel-with-a-cause posturing. He is rarely without a cigarette and occasionally swigs from a bottle of Jack Daniel's he keeps in his office. He spent much of Random House's recent Laguna Niguel sales conference noisily denouncing Newhouse to anyone who would listen. "The world and all the women in it," goes the company saying, "are McDonald's oyster." When McDonald arrived late at Random House's 1988 Christmas party and surveyed a mob of female editorial assistants from atop a staircase, he inquired of a pal in his best *droit du seigneur* style, *Which one do you want?*

McDonald flew off to London after getting the job at Pantheon, and despite the cost cutting that has eighty-sixed even free milk at the office coffee machine, he had his stereo flown over from New York to his hotel in London. It seems that what is needed at Pantheon is a healthy dose of nose-to-the-grindstone attentiveness, but I'm afraid poor Erroll's nose may not be up to the task.

—Tod Stiles

"The world
and all the
women in it,"
goes the
company
saying, "are
McDonald's
oyster"

Good
Clean
Fun



William F.
Buckley Jr. ...



and Gomer Pyle?



Bette Davis ...



and the tree in
The Wizard of Oz?



Julian Lennon ...



and Tiffany?



Leona Helmsley ...



and the Joker?

A SPY BOOK SEPARATED AT BIRTH? 2

THE SAGA CONTINUES



Gerardo Rivera ...



and Bozo the
Clown?

Loads o'
Laughs

A
SPY
BOOK

DOLPHIN • DOUBLEDAY

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FLATTERY WILL GET YOU TEN PAGES . . . MAYBE

The Tina Brown-Mike Ovitz Correspondence



The public has an unslakable thirst for boring stories about Hollywood celebrities. Hollywood celebrities are aware of this. And so, certain glossy magazines—which pride themselves on offering chummy, pointlessly inside accounts of life as it is lived by the stars (journalist has lunch with star, journalist goes shopping with star, journalist wipes star's nose after a teary confession, they bond)—have found themselves over a barrel: in order to win the stars' necessary cooperation, the magazines have been obliged to cede editorial control to the very people on whom they are supposed to be reporting. Actors and actresses and other famous people—untrained people who may not have gone to journalism school or even worked for their school newspapers!—get to choose the writers who will attend to their musings, the photographers who will immortalize their features, and even, more and more often, the musings and photos that eventually see print.

As appalling as this is, it is no secret. But the process itself

normally takes place away from public view—a private affair between editor and star and star's publicist; we see only the Herb Ritts or Annie Liebovitz dramatization. Recently, however, a document came into our possession that sheds light on these happy, cooperative doings in the world of journalism—cum—public relations.

The document is a letter from *Vanity Fair's* editor in chief, Tina Brown, to Mike Ovitz, founder and president of the immensely successful Creative Artists Agency—a man frequently called, by SPY and others, the most powerful in Hollywood (due to both the incredible breadth of talent his agency represents and his eagerness to throw his weight around). While Brown doesn't entirely give away her franchise here, she does demonstrate some of the lengths to which even a powerful and relatively serious journalist will go to get her story. (The letter is unedited. Any unusual syntax, punctuation or spelling is Brown's own.)



¹In fact, around this time writer Nancy Collins was to have interviewed Ovitz for an unconsummated profile in *New York*. Ovitz, notoriously secretive, has never granted the sort of in-depth interview Brown begs him for in this letter.

²Rupert Murdoch's *Premiere* competes with *Vanity Fair*, of course, and Brown's husband, Harry Evans, was famously sacked as the editor of the *London Times* by Murdoch.

³Ovitz had recently hired New York publicist Howard J. Rubinstein to improve CAA's press and give it a higher profile on Wall Street, the ultimate source of *serious* Hollywood money and power.

⁴"Packaging," a common television practice that CAA pioneered for the movies, involves putting together a film's creative team—stars, writer, director—from one's roster of clients and then selling the entire "package," in all-or-nothing form, to a studio. Brown's choice of words in expressing distaste for the term is highly evocative: *crass* and especially *downmarket* are buzzwords that Brown falls back on (synonyms, frequently, for *poor*, *fat*, *unattractive* or *too ethnic*) when dismissing article ideas, people, restaurants and the like. A sample usage: "Kill the Oprah profile—she's just too *downmarket*."

December 19, 1988

Dear Mike:

I was surprised to hear from a friend who works there that you are on the point of "breaking your silence to the press in *Premiere*," probably to Nancy Collins.¹ I felt sure this could not be true, since it would be rather like Marlon Brando choosing "Falcon Crest" as a vehicle for a comeback.² I hope that is not Mr. Rubenstein's advice.³ If it is, you should fire him.

However, on the basis that the above is not true, then I thought I should lay out a little more clearly what *Vanity Fair* would do if you decided the time was right to cooperate with a major profile.

As I see it, the world has a very limited and unsophisticated grasp of what an "agent" does, particularly when that agent is you. Right now, the most hackneyed prevailing perception of you is as a "packager," a term which has a connotation of crassness that has little to do with what you actually achieve on a daily basis.⁴ It seems to me that a better term for your role in the life of Hollywood would be a *catalyst*: activating creativity by a gifted sense of talent, material, timing and taste, plus, of course, extraordinary business acumen in putting it all together.⁵ Probably no one since Thalberg has seeded so many creative partnerships or brought so many movies to the screen.⁶

In addition to what you personally achieve, you have, in a

⁵Brown's flattery of Ovitz is well taken—to the extent one can argue that agents have become the auteurs of modern Hollywood; whether this has led to better movies is another question. Brown is more unquestionably on target about Ovitz's "extraordinary business acumen": besides the multiple 10 percents CAA collects from its clients' salaries on a packaged film, the agency is said occasionally to extract what one person familiar with the process delicately calls "side agreements" or "consulting fees"—extra moneys paid by a film's producers to CAA for, in essence, delivering the project in the first place. This is the sort of thing that in another era the antitrust division of the Justice Department might have sued to stop. CAA also pioneered the practice of forcing movie studios to give stars their own development deals, which rarely result in finished movies but enable an agency to collect commissions from actors who would otherwise be idle.

⁶Irving Thalberg is perhaps the *only* genuinely liked studio executive in Hollywood history. Having served as MGM's head of production between 1924 and his death in 1936, he brought to the screen such films as *Greed*, *Grand Hotel*, *A Night at the Opera* and *The Thin Man*. Some of the films Ovitz is generally credited with bringing to the screen are *Ghostbusters*, *Legal Eagles*, *Ghostbusters II* and *Rain Man*.

⁷Brown employs a generous verb—*inspired*—to describe Ovitz's managerial techniques, which have produced a regimented, fear-driven corporate culture and have been well chronicled in these pages. Perhaps the most famous expression of CAA culture is Ovitz's alleged threat to defecting screenwriter Joe Eszterhas last year that "my foot soldiers who go up and down Wilshire Boulevard each day will blow your brains out."

⁸A reference to Arnie Glimcher, owner of the Pace Gallery in New York. He is Ovitz's art dealer and friend and served as an art-world consultant on *Legal Eagles*, for which he received an associate-producer credit; Brown is apparently using Glimcher as a go-between with Ovitz. (Here's a nice bit of networking: Brown knows Glimcher through literary agent Morton Janklow, with whom she is friends thanks largely to Janklow's daughter, Angela, whom—despite her lack of appraisable editorial talent—Brown had presciently hired as an editorial assistant three years before writing this letter.) Since *Legal Eagles*, Glimcher has become a full-fledged film producer (most notably of *Gorillas in the Mist*—which was featured in *Vanity Fair*'s October 1988 issue), with Ovitz's encouragement and help. In this he may serve as something of a role model for Brown (see below).

⁹Intriguingly, Brown passes up the chance to point out that during her four and a half years (at the time) of editing the magazine, she had deemed only three other subjects worthy of her byline. Perhaps this is because one of them was David Puttnam, a nemesis of Ovitz's during Puttnam's tenure as chairman of Columbia Pictures; the others were socialite Gayfryd Steinberg, who subsequently befriended Brown, and Princess Diana, who didn't.

very short number of years, created a consummate CAA culture. In an entirely ego driven business, you have inspired the people who work for you into putting the agency and the client's needs before their own competitive egos.⁷ This, in part, gives CAA its unique speed, efficiency and esprit de corps and is, incidentally, the source of all the jealousy that seeks to discredit it. The aura of leadership you give out, discomforts rivals who like to think that all it is is showbiz.

These are some of the reasons we want to do a memorable piece in *Vanity Fair* that will become the definitive reference of other journalists as well as readers.

To dramatize the CAA story successfully, we would of course need very good access to you and the people who work with you. We would also need you to green light your friends and clients to cooperate in a way that would not be perfunctory. Which brings me to my final point. Arnie⁸ and I discussed the notion that I might write this profile myself, something that is very hard for me to do.⁹ Although some of the research could be done in New York City, to undertake such extensive reporting and research, run a staff of 42 and dream up an 80-page magazine every month, takes an enormous toll on my other major obsession, my 3 year old son. He starts a new school in January and needs me to be with him. It's literally impossible for me to come to Los Angeles for the two weeks reporting I believe is necessary, until *Vanity Fair* co-hosts the Man Ray Exhibit with the Getty in March.¹⁰

So what I'd like to suggest is that you think again about Jesse Kornbluth coming out in January to do this piece along the lines I've laid out, knowing that I would be watching over it and shaping it every step of the way. Jesse not only has the writing talent to do this piece, he is sophisticated, interested and knowledgeably well disposed toward CAA. He is also a person of the highest integrity.¹¹

The alternative of waiting for me seems, frankly, ill advised. You are right to feel this is the moment to do something and a ten page VF profile would have phenomenal impact. Our 700,000 readers include everyone who counts in your business plus the opinion formers across the board. We're a demographic phenomenon.¹² In the last two months, the following people have either written or told me they read VF cover to cover: Henry Kissinger, Brooke Astor, Sidney Lumet, Ben Bradlee, Don Simpson, John Le Carré, Mrs. Barnet Newman, Louis Malle, Calvin Klein, Philip Johnson, David Geffen, Mike Wallace, the U.S. Ambassador to Manila,

¹⁰Brown erroneously refers to a party *Vanity Fair* sponsored not at the Getty Museum in Malibu but at the Museum of Contemporary Art in downtown Los Angeles—the first of the magazine's splashy forays into Hollywood society.

¹¹With the obvious exception of Bob Colacello, Jesse Kornbluth is perhaps the...most agreeable of all *Vanity Fair* regulars; at the time of Brown's writing, he had recently executed credulous profiles of Sigourney Weaver and Jodie Foster, and in the very issue then on the stands Kornbluth had a story on Ovitz's good friend and client Barry Levinson, director of *Rain Man* (a CAA package). Also, Kornbluth is himself a screenwriter—his first produced work is a docudrama on Leona and Harry Helmsley, to air this fall on ABC—and is thus, as Brown notes, "knowledgeably well disposed toward CAA." Indeed, this must be something of an understatement, given that Kornbluth is aware the agency controls the lion's share of important motion picture talent.

¹²More specifically, only 33 percent of *Vanity Fair* readers have graduated from college (another 34.4 percent didn't even attend one), and their median household income is a not-really-all-that-upmarket \$38,556 (figures are for 1989).

¹³It's no coincidence that these people read the magazine, if not cover to cover, at least avidly. Out of the impressive gaggle of 17 names Brown drops, all but the two relative nobodies, Mrs. Barnet Newman and the ambassador to the Philippines (Nicholas Platt) have been spotlighted, for the most part flatteringly, in her magazine. In addition, Lumet, Malle, Klein, Mosbacher and Trump have had their wives and/or children featured (in August 1986 the magazine ran a harsh review of a novel by Sally Quinn, who is married to Ben Bradlee). It's also no coincidence that Brown is in a position to speak with these people on the subject of their leisure-time reading. As readers of *Mirabella* will remember, it was Liz Smith who advised the British-born Brown that if she wanted to succeed socially and professionally in America, she would have to make nice with the powers that be in the pages of her magazine, which she has tended to do. And which is, of course, the subtext of this letter.

There are actually two ambitions at play here. Brown has made no secret of her boredom with magazine editing, and colleagues are convinced of her desire to produce films

Robert Mosbacher and Donald Trump. In fact, everyone from Arafat to Bernie Brillstein!¹³

I don't think any other publication today can offer such a readership, least of all a fan mag like *Premiere*.¹⁴

Can we discuss this the moment the strains of auld lang syne have faded?¹⁵

Best,

Tina Brown

(her father, in fact, was a producer of British B-movies). Not only is she fawning over an important, newsworthy subject for her magazine, but Ovitz represents a potential entrée for her into the movie business. As for him, despite his power in Hollywood, he has, by many accounts, grown bored with the inherently undistinguished role of agent; he is said to aspire to a more creative, more conventionally respected role in the film community—producer or studio head. With her canny paean to his "creativity," "gifted sense of talent" and "taste," plus the comparison to Thalberg, Brown plays to precisely these longings.

¹⁴What could be more "downmarket" than a fan mag? In fact, *Premiere* counts among its readers a larger fraction of people who attended college and more members of the "professional/managerial" class than does *Vanity Fair*, according to demographic figures for 1989.

¹⁵Brown means after the New Year. As it happened, Ovitz didn't agree to the profile—a surprising, even admirable act of forbearance given that Brown had done everything short of signing an ironclad contract

to guarantee the profile would have been an epochal piece of puffery. (Not long after Brown wrote Ovitz, he was the subject of largely positive stories in both *Time* and *The New York Times Magazine* but gave both publications only the most cursory cooperation.)

Regardless, Brown and Ovitz have developed a warmly symbiotic relationship since this letter was written. For starters, seven CAA clients were on the covers of 1989's 12 *Vanity Fairs*—not that there is anything sinister in this, just that it shows how much the magazine has to offer even the most powerful man in Hollywood. More unusual is Brown's recent habit of sending Ovitz copies of entertainment-related stories before publication so that, we may fairly assume, he can draw her attention to any material he finds inconvenient. Meanwhile, he has thrown her a series of intimate dinner parties featuring important Hollywood personages, and in Culver City this past spring he helped deliver a star-studded crowd to the *Vanity Fair*-sponsored benefit for Phoenix House—all of which has done much to boost the Los Angeles profiles of both *Vanity Fair* and its savvy editor. **D**



e l a n

LIZ SMITH'S BLURB-O-MAT: THE ANNOTATED EDITION

"I read the first sentence of this book, threw up my hands and then stayed up all night to finish." —Liz on Thomas Harris's *The Silence of the Lambs*, as quoted in the recently published paperback edition

"Behavioral Science, the FBI section that deals with serial murder, is on the bottom floor of the Academy building at Quantico, half-buried in the earth." —the first sentence of *The Silence of the Lambs*

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introduction by Allen Ginsberg

Tales of Beatnik Glory Ed Sanders

A Citadel Underground Original

"Leads the reader through a generation's coming-of-age: **Paradise Lost** for the fortysomething set."
—William S. Burroughs



Red-Dirt Marijuana and Other Tastes Terry Southern

Introduction by George Plimpton

"Terry Southern is the American writer most capable of handling frenzy on a gigantic scale."
—Esquire

Coming in September...

Famous Long Ago: My Life and Hard Times with Liberation News Service, at Total Loss Farm and on the Dharma Trail

Ray Mungo

Introduction by Eric Utne
Photographs by Peter Simon

Jambeaux

a novel by Laurence Gonzales
Introduction by Greil Marcus

Gulcher: Post-Rock Cultural Pluralism in America (1649-1993)

Richard Meltzer
Introduction by Lester Bangs

Really the Blues

Mezz Mezzrow and Bernard Wolfe
Introduction by Barry Gifford

Growing Up Underground

Jane Alpert
Introduction by Susan Brownmiller

Rock Folk: Portraits from the Rock 'n' Roll Pantheon

Michael Lydon
Introduction by Peter Guralnick

ringo

A Life Played For Keeps

levio

Emmett Grogan
introduction by Peter Coyote

Ringolevio: A Life Played For Keeps Emmett Grogan

Introduction by Peter Coyote

"The best and only authentic book written on the sixties underground."
—Dennis Hopper

"Emmett Grogan was a wonderful storyteller, and **Ringolevio** is a great book." —Jerry Garcia

moving through here

Don McNeill
introductions by Todd Gitlin and Allen Ginsberg
Photographs by Fred W. McDarrah

Moving Through Here Don McNeill

New introduction by Todd Gitlin

With the original introduction and epilogue by Allen Ginsberg and Paul Williams

Photographs by Fred W. McDarrah

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THE INDUSTRY



Don



Jerry

FAST CARS, FAST WOMEN, SLOW PRODUCERS: DAYS OF PLUNDER

The Further Adventures of Don and Jerry: Certainly no one would begrudge a movie producer his right to get laid. Like all

young civilizations, Hollywood has an exaggerated reverence for its traditions, and the endless quest for the appeasement of sexual appetites is chief among these. Nevertheless, even an aging peer like Lew Wasserman might ask whether Don Simpson and Jerry Bruckheimer have taken devotion to ancient practice too far.

The pair is unrelentingly successful, and Hollywood being Hollywood, they are not shy about using their box office prowess to get (a) chicks and (b) more "creatively involved" in their films, most recently *Days of Thunder*. The film was originally supposed to wrap on February 28. That date was changed to March 6, then April 21, finally becoming, through the beginning of the summer, a large question mark. After the schedule was revised three times in one day, the unit production manager—the person responsible for keeping track of Paramount's money on the set—confronted the producers and was told simply to *screw the schedule*. The original \$35 million budget reportedly doubled, meaning the picture will have to earn an all-but-phenomenal \$100 million just to break even.

The studio system—now, *there* was an institution to revere. Labor was divided efficiently; people did as they were told; product flowed in a predictable fashion. But today everybody's a star and a producer and a writer and a director—mostly a director. One reason for the budget hemorrhage on *Days of Thunder* was the producers' constant bickering with the director, Tony Scott (*Top Gun*, *Beverly Hills Cop II*), and the screenwriter, Robert

Towne (*Chinatown*). Meanwhile, Towne was bickering with Scott. Theoretically, the director directs, the writer rewrites as requested, and the producers make sure everything runs smoothly. But on the set of *Thunder*, Scott couldn't set up a shot without Simpson or Bruckheimer, or Simpson and Bruckheimer, or Simpson, Bruckheimer and Towne, yammering and waving hands and generally meddling. So as the weeks ground on there seemed to be four directors arguing with one another, the cameras didn't roll, and the crew, which was getting paid for 20-hour days, racked up a vast amount of overtime. Many crew members said they made so much money that they could afford to take 16 weeks of vacation when the film finally wrapped at the end of May.

Robert Towne is a talented screenwriter. He has also directed two pictures, *Personal Best* and *Tequila Sunrise*. While he was on location in North Carolina for *Days of Thunder* a large barn was built for use in several scenes. Towne didn't like the barn; the barn wasn't used. When shooting shifted to Daytona, another barn was constructed according to Towne's exacting specifications. All the barn scenes were subsequently scrapped.

But even as Simpson and Bruckheimer ceaselessly advised their director, their days in Daytona were not all drudgery. Someone on the set was blunt about it: "Their main concern is getting laid." To that end, a private gym was built in an empty storefront on the ground floor of the Marriott hotel in which the pair was staying. The producers ordered that a discreet, hand-lettered sign reading DAYS OF THUNDER be replaced with an eight-foot-long neon sign that could be seen from the beach. This substitution had the desired effect:

starry-eyed spring-vacationing coeds and teased-haired locals would wander into the gym, hoping to catch a glimpse of Tom Cruise working out. Instead, they were treated to the sight of the two middle-aged producers sweating, straining, bulking up. (Cruise exercised in a private gym at the house he was renting.)

To further enhance their images as Lotharios, the self-proclaimed Boys of Thunder threw a "Welcome to Daytona" party at The Coliseum, a plush (for Daytona) club. Word was passed among the almost entirely male cast and crew that it would be a good idea to leave any wives at the hotel. Most expected a beery feast, but the food was minimal. When crew members asked their bosses where the band was, one of them replied, *This party's not about music—it's about pussy! Girls, man! Girls!*

More specifically, it was about dozens of apparently seasoned partygoers who were brought in for the occasion. These women had little interest in the gaffers and best boys; they concentrated their attentions on guests in the special VIP area that Simpson and Bruckheimer had cordoned off. A miniskirted crowd spontaneously mobbed Tom Cruise, and the producers were only too happy to scoop up the leftovers. (Many of the guests were shocked to learn that Cruise has a mole in one ear.) So successful was the romp with the expensively friendly women that the Boys of Thunder planned a similarly festive wrap party, which would include local talent as well as outsiders. But the democracy was not total: yes, local women would be invited to the door, but only a fortunate few would actually be granted admission.

See you Monday night at Mortons.

—Celia Brady

Hoping to see
Cruise working
out, coeds
were treated
instead to two
sweating
middle-aged
producers



September 1988
LIFE-STYLE HELL! OUR SPECIAL LOS ANGELES ISSUE

"The sex, the spandex, the pastels, the car phones, the irony shortage and the general uncensored dude-osity that make Los Angeles a shrine to vapid fun."

December 1988
SEVENTIES-SOMETHING

"A return to the decade of the mood rings, ultrasuede, sideburns and disco sex-machine Tony Orlando."



January/February 1989
MR. STUPID GOES TO WASHINGTON
"America's ten dopest law-makers—all those in favor, say *dub*."

March 1989
ISN'T IT IRONIC?

"How everything in the world turned 'funny'—from Joe Franklin to Joey Heatherton, Twister to Twinkies and Hawaiian shirts to Hawaii Five-O."



April 1989
CELEBRITY GARBAGE
"Coffee grounds of the rich and interoffice memos of the famous—a scientific, sanitary and not at all unseemly SPY investigation."

May 1989
IVANARAMA!

"You know her as an Olympic skier, fashion leader, licensed interior designer, hotel executive and wife to a certain billionaire casino operator from Queens. But of course, there's more. With Ivana, there's *always* more."



June 1989
LET'S MAKE A DEAL WITH THE DEVIL!
"Ed Koch did it. Time Inc. did it. Barbara Walters did it. A SPY audit of Faustian bargains, Mephistophelian transactions and the current bull market for selling one's soul."

July 1989
SUMMER FUN ISSUE!

"A really, really long article about William F. Buckley Jr.! Ugly Europeans! How to make Twinkies!"



August 1989
WHO WAS WHO
"How time travel could really work. Awful moviemaking with Dino DeLaurentiis. Plus, the super-salacious pullout index to *The Andy Warhol Diaries!*"

September 1989
VILLAGE IDIOTS

"Smart girls in chains—the shame of *The New Yorker!* Conjugal net-working in Hollywood."



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"SPY goes undercover to Bohemian Grove. Plus, superspecial keepsake facsimile edition of SPY's 1964 debut issue!"



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"The most hated man in fashion. SPY's guide to year-end bribery."

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THE TIMES



Pinch



Punch



Max

There appeared in the April 25 edition of *The Washington Square News*, a newspaper put out by the students of New York University, a page-two story that began like this: "While most 12-year-old boys are thinking of video games and skateboards, Balamurati Krishna Ambati is thinking of his application process for medical school." The article, written by Maryam E. Zadeh, told of a 12-year-old boy named Balamurati Krishna Ambati who was the youngest student ever to attend NYU (he will be a senior this year) and who hopes to become the youngest person ever to graduate from medical school.

Two weeks later in *The New York Times*, the daily newspaper put out by the Sulzberger family, a front-page story began like this: "At age 12, Balamurati Krishna Ambati prefers heuristic algorithms to Nintendo and enjoys chess, basketball, and research on Green-Hydra-Green Algae Symbiosis."

That very same morning, all over New York, senior editors at the newsweeklies, bureau chiefs from other big-city dailies, wire-service reporters and assignment editors at local and national news broadcasts opened their copies of the *Times* in order to find out what news to cover—not what news was worthy of coverage, mind you, but what news the *Times* had deemed worthy of coverage. Most news executives reading the paper that morning had long since abandoned the idea of exercising their own news judgment, following years and perhaps decades of being reprimanded by their superiors for not having their news lineups correspond almost precisely to the one determined by the editors of the paper of record.

And so, because Balamurati's story was

now a front-page story—a New York Times front-page story—within a matter of hours, New York University's press office was besieged by calls from editors, TV-show bookers and reporters, all eager to get in touch with the prodigy, allusions to a real-life Doogie Howser, M.D., swimming in their heads. Before long, Balamurati's story or Balamurati himself had appeared or was due to appear on dozens of radio and TV stations from Denver to Peoria; on the ABC Radio Network, the BBC and a German television network; on CNN's *Sonya Live*, *Live With Regis & Kathie Lee*, *The Joan Rivers Show*, *Sally Jessy Raphael*, *Good Day New York*, *Good Morning America* and NBC's *Today*; in numerous newspapers, including *The Denver Post* and *The Houston Chronicle*, the British tabloid *Today* and *News India*; in *Newsweek*, *Parade*, *People* and *Woman's World*; and on the Associated Press and Reuters news wires. He was photographed by Gamma-Liaison (the photo agency) and approached by a talent agent.

What none of the news professionals who contacted Balamurati could possibly have known is that the reason his story appeared on the front page of the *Times*—rather than on, say, B6—had almost nothing to do with its news value, and everything to do with a quaint *Times* custom. Newly hired reporters are often brought into New York, where they are worked to the bone prior to being sent out into the field. The thinking is that this initiation will give the paper's editors a chance to see up close how recruits take to the grind, and for particularly high-profile hires, it gives the paper the opportunity to show off its new acquisitions.

The *Times* version of Balamurati Krishna

Ambati's story was written by one of the paper's more celebrated recruits, Alessandra Stanley. A standout at *Time's* Washington bureau, she was hired by the *Times* to produce the same sort of comedy-of-manners features that her good friend Maureen Dowd used to write before becoming a White House correspondent. In order to parade Stanley's manifest talents, the editors did something they had done with previous young stars: they took one of her first stories (the feature on Balamurati) and—just for the heck of it—gave it generous play on the front page, thereby goosing all the editors and reporters in the city who slavishly look to the *Times* for their guidance. Like other new *Times* reporters thus honored, Stanley was subsequently presented with a blue box containing the printer's plate of that day's front page.

Stanley was

hired to

produce the

comedy-of-

manners

features

Maureen Dowd

used to write

It was a nice gesture. And in many instances it's the last such gesture a *Times* reporter experiences. Things look even grimmer in the days ahead. One reporter who wanted to travel for a few days outside New York was told he would have to think up several more stories to report and write in order to amortize the travel expenses. The specter of Pinch Sulzberger, the damp, anxious publisher-to-be, is cause for further alarm. He is ostentatiously frugal, bragging that he has no car, taking a bus to work from his Upper West Side apartment, even making a show out of using public transportation to the airport. Young Pinch has also been heard saying that country houses are a waste of money—neglecting to mention, of course, that he has use of the vast Sulzberger family estate in Fairfield County.

—J. J. Hunsecker

CHOOSE YOUR COMPANY CAREFULLY WHEN DRINKING MYERS'S RUM.



Charles is the only one I can really enjoy drinking Myers's Dark Rum with.

He never complains that my daiquiris look too dark. Or my Rum Collinses look a bit offbeat.

He just sits and licks his paws.

It makes me wonder why everyone doesn't have a tiger.



You hear it everywhere you go—whining, complacency is gripping America, and nobody seems to mind the flag on all this unsportsmanlike conduct and



A CELEBRATION OF AMERICA'S GREATEST SORE LOSERS—INCLUDING RICHARD NIXON, SPIKE LEE,

ime was when people were brought up to be good losers. The defeated Little League team was required to give the winners a cheer. The first runner-up in the Miss America pageant was supposed to embrace the winner the moment she won. Guys with low draft numbers shouldered their M16s, smoked dope and slogged off into the jungle without griping about their luckier peers with the high numbers, who got to stay home and smoke dope in comfort. Being a good loser was part of being a good American, especially back when America invariably won. ☹ Sure, there were always dissenters. Leo Durocher, Vince Lombardi and old Joe Kennedy were part of an outspoken group who said a mere good effort wasn't good enough. In the 1980s this ferocious ethic took over, but all the keener, meaner competition couldn't change the hard fact that in most contests only one contender can win. Americans have adjusted to this in various ways. Second-rate prizes have proliferated, athletic playoff formats have expanded, and, most conspicuous, people have turned into chronic Sore Losers. ☹ But because being a Sore Loser has suddenly become so commonplace (think of how much of official U.S. policy in recent years has been predicated on this premise, from funding the contras to protectionist trade proposals), it's not as easy as it once was for an aggrieved party to impress the world with the acuteness of his disappointment. Not long ago the loss of one's dignity in a display of emotion—a Nixonian rage, a Marlon Brando-esque tantrum, a Norman Mailer-class roundhouse—was sufficient to show how bitterly one resented one's defeat. Though these behaviors are part of the basic repertoire of the journeyman Sore Loser, to really distinguish himself the Sore Loser needs panache. And now that prominent people are devoting substantial thought and planning to their special displays of Sore Losing, we are obliged to devote some analysis to it. So here at SPY—a magazine whose editorial and graphic style is regularly, albeit lamely, copied by other publications here and abroad, a magazine that in a single issue has more ideas and cleverness than a year's worth of any other, and a magazine that for three years running has been shut out of the National Magazine Awards (not that we care, and besides, the Rolling Stones never won a Grammy for Record of the Year and Cary Grant never won a Best Actor Oscar)—we have identified the six most popular modes of Sore Loserhood.



CAN'T GRIN,
CAN'T BEAR IT
Kirkland and Weaver
just as they lost 1987
and '88 Oscars

ining, crying foul. An epidemic of aggressive self-
nd. Joseph Malgarini and Kate McDowell throw
present a gallery of

My babies

SEAN YOUNG, SEVERAL DEMOCRATIC PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES, AMERICA ITSELF AND, INEVITABLY, DONALD J. TRUMP

IT'S A SORE LOSER'S WORLD

SORE-LOSER HANGOUTS

The lecture circuit
Meet the Press
The *New York Review of Books*
letters column
Cindy Adams's column
The John F. Kennedy School
of Government
Saddle River, New Jersey
Shea Stadium

SORE-LOSER ARCHETYPES

Yahweh
Richard III
Napoleon
Germany
Woody Hayes
Yosemite Sam

FICTIONAL SORE LOSERS

Hamlet
Werther
Jason Compson
Tom Buchanan
Glenn Close
in *Fatal Attraction*
Freddy Krueger



THE PHYSICAL SORE LOSER The Physical Sore Loser is a man or woman of movement. Sometimes the movement is subtle, even unremarkable: though they are professional actresses, neither **Sigourney Weaver** nor **Sally Kirkland** was able to suppress a grimace of disappointment at the precise moment she heard that Oscar had passed her by (see illustrations on previous page). At other times the movement is direct and unpleasant: the **CIA** helped overthrow Chilean president Salvador Allende; the **Soviet Union** invaded Afghanistan.

Physical Sore Losing has historical precedents (**Henry VIII's** having his wives beheaded, for example, and **Vincent van Gogh's** indulging in an earectomy), but today's Physical Sore Loser is usually less violent, although just as peevish.

Consider Ohio State's **Woody Hayes**, who punched an unsuspecting linebacker from Clemson University during the 1978 Gator Bowl. Or the feral **John McEnroe**, who has combined racket heaving and ceaseless verbal tantrums (*Answer my question, jerk!... You cannot be serious!*) to become one of the best-compensated barbarians in sport. Or casino owner **Bob Stupak**, a onetime candidate for mayor of Las Vegas who on election night in 1987 displayed his unhappiness over his defeat by rebuking and slapping one of the TV reporters who kept badgering him about his sobriety. (When a reporter noted that she could smell alcohol on his breath, Stupak said, "You can smell anything you want to, honey," and then started swinging.)

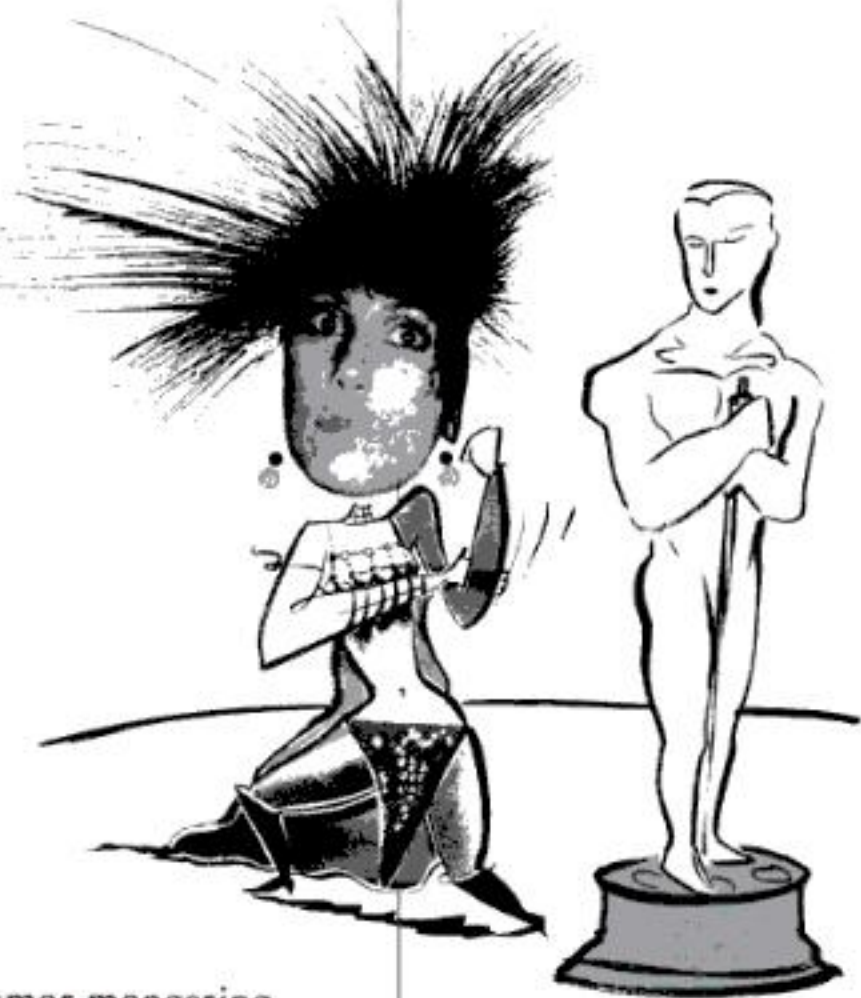
But more elegant approaches, involving an *objet de protest*, are also available: a representative for rock star **Daryl Hall** once expressed his displeasure over a magazine profile by mailing the writer a turd; **Bill Cosby** has responded similarly but more hygienically, sending the offender a tin cup (indicating that the unfavorable reviewer was blind to his talent); the strikeout-prone galoot **Dave Kingman** once sent a sportswriter a rat; and the actress **Sean Young** was sued by James Woods for allegedly conveying her dismay about Woods's decision to practice monogamy with a woman not named Sean Young by leaving a mutilated doll at his home. Young denied the charge.

PERENNIAL SORE LOSERS

Richard Nixon
George Steinbrenner
Richard Golub
Bob Dole
Bo Schembechler
Sting
The Democrats
Mary Decker Slaney

SORE-LOSER PASTIMES

Having your screen credit removed
"Writing" your "memoirs"



Rumor-mongering
Litigating
Press-bashing
Wearing black
Planting items in Page Six
Checking gloves
Playing games under protest

SORE LOSERS' GREATEST HITS

"It's My Party," by Lesley Gore
"Run for Your Life," by the Beatles
"Positively 4th Street," by Bob Dylan
"Cry Me a River," by Julie London
"Tiny Steps," by Elvis Costello
"96 Tears," by ? and the Mysterians
"I Want to Be Around," by Tony Bennett
"Ruby, Don't Take Your Love to Town," by Kenny Rogers and The First Edition
"I Don't Like Mondays," by the Boomtown Rats
"L.A. County," by Lyle Lovett

THE FREE-ASSOCIATING SORE LOSER By using a captive audience to vent his spleen, the Free-Associating Sore Loser offers something akin to improvisational theater, except no one suspects a performance will be delivered until it actually springs into being. In the midst of innocent circumstances—the presentation of an award, an interview, a concert—a strange, inappropriate tirade surges up and out. "I am the originator, and you all gave me nothin'! [I am] the architect of rock 'n' roll!" declared **Little Richard** as he presented a Grammy in 1988. "Gossip columnists are probably the lowest form of journalists. The latest one is old Liz in New York...a dumpy, fat, ugly broad," replied **Frank Sinatra** from the concert stage in 1982 to a mild rebuke from Liz Smith in one of her columns. "They deserve each other—one's a born liar, the other's convicted," sneered then-Yankees manager **Billy Martin** about the twin banes of his existence, Reggie Jackson and George Steinbrenner, during an interview in 1978. "Have another doughnut, you fat pig!" New Jersey Devils coach **Jim Schoenfeld** shouted at referee Don Koharski in 1988 after concluding that the official had missed some calls. And when WNBC-TV writer and producer **David Katz** received an Emmy in 1988, he took time to describe sportscaster Len Berman as "a gutless individual."



THE SELF-PROMOTING SORE LOSER The Self-Promoting Sore Loser is one who is able to parlay a loss into a later victory. In 1988 **Toni Morrison** benefited when her admirers suggested racist judging after she was not awarded the National Book Award for *Beloved*; sure enough, four months later, she got a Pulitzer. **Ted Forstmann**, the proselytizing financier, competed energetically with Kohlberg Kravis Roberts to buy out RJR Nabisco, was about to fail and took to the Op-Ed page of *The Wall Street Journal* with protests against leveraged buyouts. Canny fans of Sore Losing could have predicted in 1986 that **Cher's** response after being denied a Best Actress nomination for *Mask* (taking the stage at that year's Oscar ceremony in an ugly, in-your-face costume and dryly noting, "As you can see, I did receive my Academy booklet on how to dress like a serious actress") would inspire the Academy to capitulate and give her an award, as it did in 1988.

NIGHT OF THE LIVING SORE LOSERS Some Sore Losers simply refuse to die. Fifteen years after the fall of Saigon, **Nguyen Van Thieu** and **Nguyen Cao Ky** have begun talking up their readiness to return to Vietnam to lead a revolution against the Communists. Boxer **Byun Jong Il** of South Korea objected so strongly to a referee's decision during the 1988 Olympics that he just sat in the ring for more than an hour. Coach **Mike White** of the University of Illinois football team was so chagrined by his team's loss to Northwestern, the school's far weaker rival, that he refused to relinquish the trophy that traditionally goes to that game's victor. Less angrily but more stupidly, Phillies manager **Danny Ozark** in 1975 insisted that his team was not mathematically eliminated from the pennant race despite its being seven games back with six to play. Perhaps inspired by Ozark, **Tammy Faye Bakker** blithely chirped to reporters, "It's not over till it's over," after her husband's conviction on 24 felony counts. She did improve on Ozark's dumb stubbornness in one respect: the old skipper did not follow his ill-informed contention by warbling, "On Christ, the solid rock, I stand/All other ground is sinking sand."

The Democratic Party is a stronghold for die-hard Sore Losers, particularly those who've failed to win the party's presidential nomination. **Eugene McCarthy** withheld his endorsement of Hubert



SORE LOSERS' WORDS TO LIVE BY

Let's make it best of three.
Why don't the media focus on the positive things?
The dream will never die.
It was a moral victory.
I sent the article to my lawyer to review it for libel.
We live in a commercial/racist/sexist/fascist society.
It was a succès d'estime.
I'm going to take some time off to write.
I don't want to use the muscle pull as an excuse.
Everyone was doing it.
I'd like to see Frank Rich/Pauline Kael/Robert Christgau write a play/make a movie/record an album of three-minute pop songs.
This is what I get for refusing to sell out.
These kids have worked so hard all year—and then they have it ruined by the goddamned officials.

FIVE GREAT MOMENTS IN SORE-LOSERDOM

1. James Garfield's assassination by a disappointed office seeker
2. Richard Nixon's 1962 gubernatorial campaign
3. The Pine Tar Game
4. Johnny Fontane's being denied a role he covets in the big picture Jack Woltz is producing
5. Vietnam

FUTURE SORE LOSERS

Peter Guber and Jon Peters
Dan Quayle
Al Gore
Philadelphia Eagles quarterback Randall Cunningham
Bono
Margaret Thatcher
Newt Gingrich

SORE WINNERS

George S. Patton
Marlon Brando
Vanessa Redgrave
Mike Love
Donald Trump
Ed Koch
—Joseph Malgarini



Humphrey until just before the 1968 election; **Ted Kennedy** made Jimmy Carter chase him all over the stage at the 1980 convention before permitting the president a wan handshake; and in both 1984 and 1988 **Jesse Jackson** tormented the party's nominees (Walter Mondale and Michael Dukakis) before granting his support.

A favorite tactic that occasionally has the redeeming aspect of being justified is to point out a violation of the rules after the contest has been decided. Thus **Mark Green**, defeated Democratic opponent of Senator Alfonse D'Amato in

1986, filed an official complaint alleging influence peddling on D'Amato's part, and the **Yankees** that same year protested to the umpires that George Brett's homer should be disallowed because he used a pine-tarred bat, just as **Ernesto Miranda** in 1966 appealed to the Supreme Court to overturn his conviction for rape and kidnapping because he hadn't been informed of his rights, and just as the **United States** gripes that Japan has too many barriers to its markets—all legitimate arguments used to paper over the fact that the Sore Loser would have lost anyway.

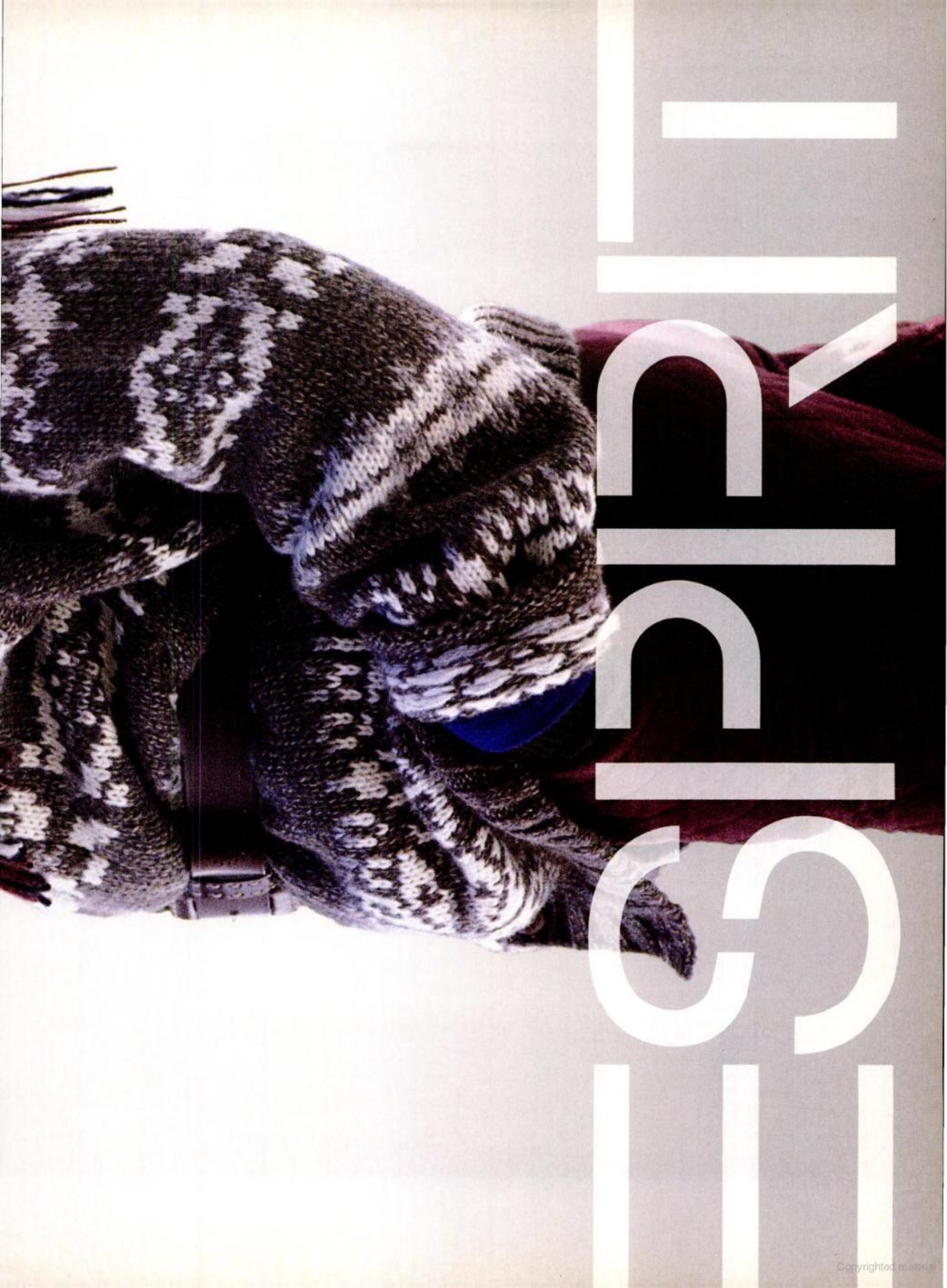
THE GRANDSTANDING SORE LOSER Grandstanding Sore Losers try to transform the personal setback into a cause. For example, when **Donald Trump** earlier this year resisted his wife's attempt to gain a more lucrative divorce settlement, he cited an obligation to defend the *principle* of a contract. **Richard Nixon**—a veritable avatar of Sore Loserhood, a man who has acted in ways that fit each of these categories (getting rid of Archibald Cox and Elliot Richardson was Physical, saying "You won't have Nixon to kick around anymore" was Free-Associating, and so on)—tried to block Watergate investigations with appeals to executive privilege. **Spike Lee** suggested that *sex, lies and videotape* won the 1989 Cannes Film Festival's Palme d'Or because the film's director was white. Lee said that if he ever saw German director Wim Wenders, who chaired the Cannes jury, he would be "waiting for his ass."

THE LITERARY SORE LOSER The most notable recent example of the Literary Sore Loser is **Jay McInerney**, whose entertaining reply in *Esquire* to his critics got more attention than the novel he published around the same time. There are, however, many members of this club. **Donald Regan** got back at Nancy Reagan, who had engineered his ouster, by revealing in his memoirs that the former first couple were slaves of the zodiac. Purged CBS News president **Ed Joyce** slagged his former associates in a blame-everybody-but-me memoir of how things went bad at Black Rock. And it seems **Pete Hamill** can't go three months without writing something that attributes all that's wrong with New York, from crack to ozone depletion, to Walter O'Malley's decision to move the Dodgers to Los Angeles.

One of the most popular forms of Literary Sore Losing is the epistolary method—a whiny, long-winded letter from a well-known correspondent impression. In 1988, Sore Loser King-in-the-**Trump** replied to a column by architecture critic with a letter. "The *New York Times* should not have Goldberger, whom I have criticized openly in my as being totally lacking in taste, to critique Donald *The Art of the Deal*" was the missive's solemn open-serious rock star, proved himself more eloquent a 1987 letter to *The Village Voice*. "If as you say scumbag wouldn't be in the least offended by my work, then how come it got up your nose so successfully you dipshit fascist simpleton?... Your writing has all the hysteria and self-loathing of the child molester, the sickening, rhetorical violence of the neo-Nazi." And though **Bess Myerson** vehemently denied harassing an ex-lover and his girlfriend with anonymous letters ("You should be hearing from some of the girls you laid and screwed.... You will be punished in ways you don't know," one note read), police investigators concluded she was the perpetrator. ■









CRYBABIES II

by Jamie Malanowski

a casino too far

**PAGES FROM THE DONALD J. TRUMP
SCRAPBOOK, 1990-96**

In the previous installment of the Donald J. Trump Scrapbook the following events transpired: Trump attempted to slough off his glamorous, reconditioned wife, Ivana, in favor of young, pliable nineties edition Marla Maples; he opened the horrifically kitschy and monumentally leveraged Taj Mahal casino; he saw his net worth devalued by 70 percent in Forbes magazine; he floated the idea of selling his airline and other assets in what he claimed was an effort to become a "king of cash"; and he became the subject of speculation about his ability to service the \$3.2 billion debt that is the basis of his empire. Now the saga continues:

NYT magazine 9.16.90

*How Donald Trump Met a Looming Payment to His Bondholders
Amid a Swirl of Rumors About His Solvency*

Weathering the Storm

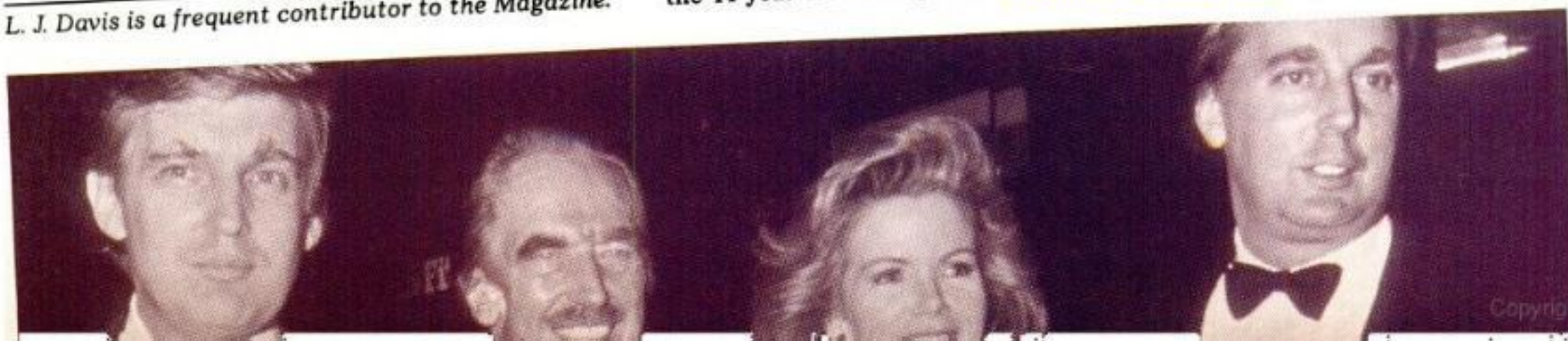
By L. J. Davis

HE LOOKS COMPOSED NOW, RELAXED, NOT AT all like a man who just three months ago danced around the lip of a volcano of debt and lived to tell the tale. He admits a reporter to his spacious Trump Tower office with the same courtesy and eagerness that characterized his interviews during the 1980's. Those were the days when the media idolized him, before he began replying to questions about his solvency with snarling observations about reporters' "financial stupidity" and the media's "jealousy of everybody who's richer or

L. J. Davis is a frequent contributor to the Magazine.

more successful than them." Now he seems almost gentle, not the sort of man who would call his father, Fred, at 3:30 on the morning of the day a \$47 million payment to bondholders was due and plead with him to increase the debt on his Queens real estate properties in order to help his son raise the last bit of cash to make the payment. "Goddamn it, Dad, you'll be a nobody," Trump reportedly screamed into the phone. "I'm smart, I'll survive, but what's Bob going to do? Move back in with you and Mom? Wash windshields at the Lincoln Tunnel? Now, I'm sending over a lawyer and a guy from First Jersey, Dad. And you've got to sign the damn papers!"

"I guess it was a pretty intense moment," chuckles the 44-year-old developer and [\(Continued on Page 64\)](#)



Sluggish Market Balks, Impeding Trump Efforts to Attain Liquidity

By NEIL BARSKY

Staff Reporter of THE WALL STREET JOURNAL

Donald Trump has been working hard to sell off some of his assets; his only problem is that nobody wants to buy them. Six months after alerting potential buyers that he would part with the Trump Shuttle and Trump Tower in order to become "king of cash," and five months after agreeing with banks to trim his empire, the author of *The Art of the Deal* has yet to divest himself of a single holding.

Though Mr. Trump has often described his properties as "trophies," he appears willing to part with them at a loss; published accounts say that Trump offered the Trump Shuttle, for which he paid \$365 million, to the Loews Corpora-

tion for \$325 million. Neither Mr. Trump nor any officers of Loews would comment.

"It's a terrible time for Trump to be in the marketplace to sell," says James F. Noonan, an analyst at Dean Witter Reynolds. "Everybody knows he's having trouble. They're going to squeeze him until he squeals. Do you think [Loews chairman] Larry Tisch wants to do Trump a favor?"

"Trump wants to be in cash so he can buy bargain properties," Mr. Noonan continues. "So does everybody else, except they want the bargain properties to be Trump's."

With Mr. Trump's next \$47 million payment to his casino bondholders only

Please Turn to Page B7, Column 3

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NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY

12.26.90

TRUMP SHUTTLE HANGARS ROCKED BY EXPLOSIONS; ENTIRE FLEET DESTROYED

TERROR LINK PROBED

**"A Christmas Miracle"
Reported by Police:
No Injuries**

By ROBERT D. MCFADDEN Jr.
Special to The New York Times

A series of explosions wracked the hangars of the Trump Shuttle in New York, Washington and Boston yesterday morning. The explosions, which went off almost simultaneously at around 8:15 on Christmas morning, ignited fires that burned out of control until early afternoon. No injuries were reported.

The entire fleet of 21 727's, which had been grounded for the holiday, was destroyed.

Moments after the explosions, a columnist for the New York Post, Cindy Adams, received an anonymous telephone call from a man identifying himself only as a member of "a top terrorist organization in Asia," who claimed responsibility for setting off the explosions.

According to authorities, the man told Adams that the explosions were meant as a reply to Donald J. Trump, the airline's owner, who had on Friday of last week placed full-page advertisements in six major American newspapers calling on President Bush to take a harder line in trade talks with Japan. "We knew the amazing amount of influence Trump has on the President," the caller reportedly told Adams.

German Interest

"Obviously I'm just devastated," said Mr. Trump in a telephone interview. "The Trump Shuttle was a jewel. Everybody wanted to fly it. I was probably going to sell it next week to

this German group for \$670 million or \$680 million, an unbelievable profit. Fortunately, we're fully insured—in fact, we got some additional coverage right after Thanksgiving, thank God."

The total coverage for the airline is \$750 million, approximately double the price Mr. Trump paid in early 1989. A tentative deal to sell the airline collapsed last September.

This was merely the latest setback for the beleaguered developer, whose intense efforts to stay solvent have been attracting increasing attention. According to Mr. Trump, however, he was fortunate in at least one respect. "I was supposed to be on one of the planes this morning," he told reporters. "We were going to load up one of the planes with toys and fly down to Florida and give them away to the kids in the orphanages in Palm

Continued on Page A13, Column 3

LIZ



Daily News 9.8.91

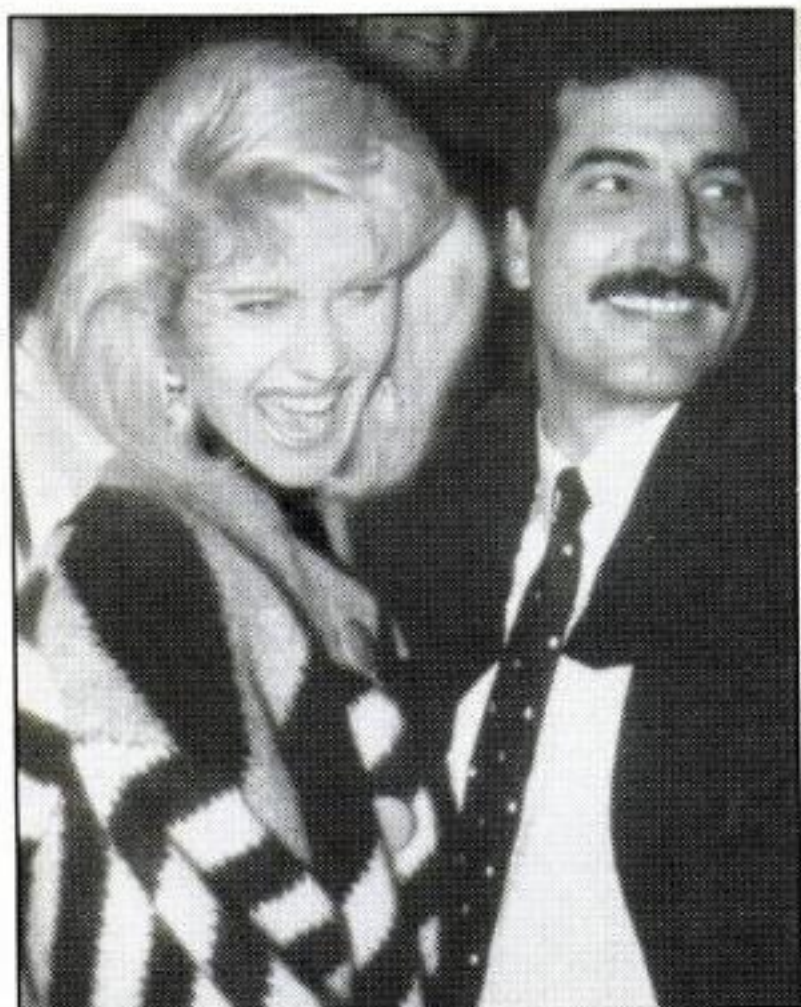
SMITH

I-Vana Party All Over Town

"HOME IS THE place where, when you have to go there, they have to take you in," wrote a man who knew a thing or two about homes, Robert Frost.

★★★★

IT'S BEGINNING to look like Ivana Trump is losing interest in reconciling with that financial juggler Donald, who stopped giving interviews about the Big Bang long enough to divvy the insurance money among his many creditors. This girl is having the time of her life! The other night she was seen on the arm of ex-Met and future Yomuri Giant Keith Hernandez. He's the latest in a long line of celebrity sports hunks linked to Ivana, following Giants punter Sean Landetta and tennis pro Andre Agassi. I ran into the handsome Hernandez at Rusty's the other night, and he said, "Liz, Mrs. Trump is a nice lady and fun to be with." Come to think of it, the only beau who ever said anything different was Mike Tyson, who the morning after his night out with Ivana in December was said to



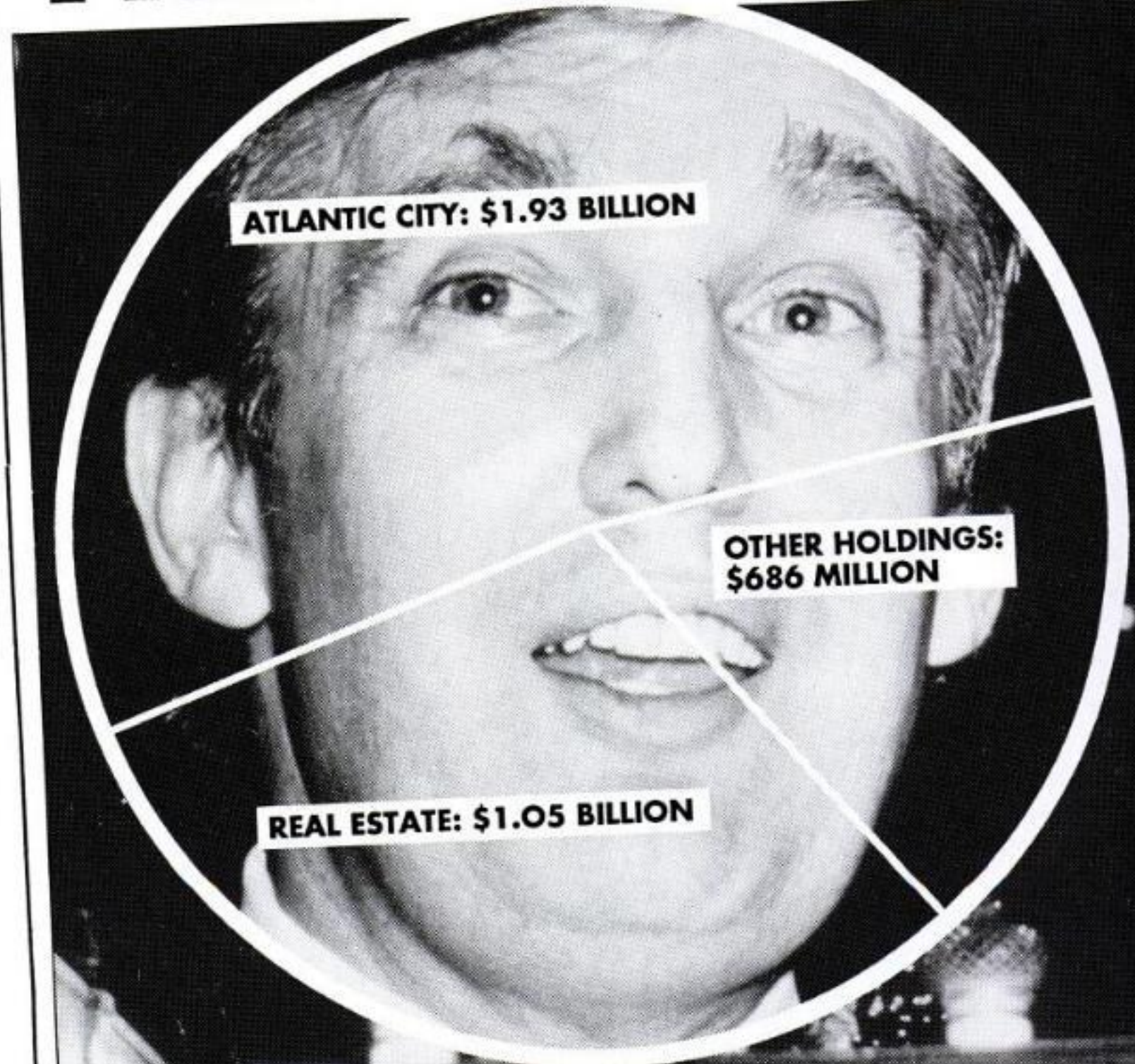
Getting to First Base

Trump & Hernandez on the town

have growled, "Tell Trump we're even." Whatever that means.... Donald, meanwhile, pulled the plug yesterday on Trump's, the vanity in-flight magazine he set up for the airline, firing all 23 employees, including new editor Clay Felker. "He said he was sorry, but the magazine business was for losers," Felker told me.

NEW YORK POST, TUESDAY, MAY 7, 1991

THE DONALD GO



POST EXCLUSIVE

ES PUBLIC!

Now YOU can own a piece of the Trump!

By BILL HOFFMANN

How often have you wished that you had a guy as smart and gutsy as Donald Trump working for you?

Now you and every New Yorker can make your dream come true — by purchasing a little piece of Donald Trump.

Yesterday Trump announced that he was taking his Atlantic City casino holdings public, offering 60 million shares at \$20 apiece.

Trump's real estate properties and other holdings are excluded from this public offering, which will be in the form of a special class of nonvoting stock.

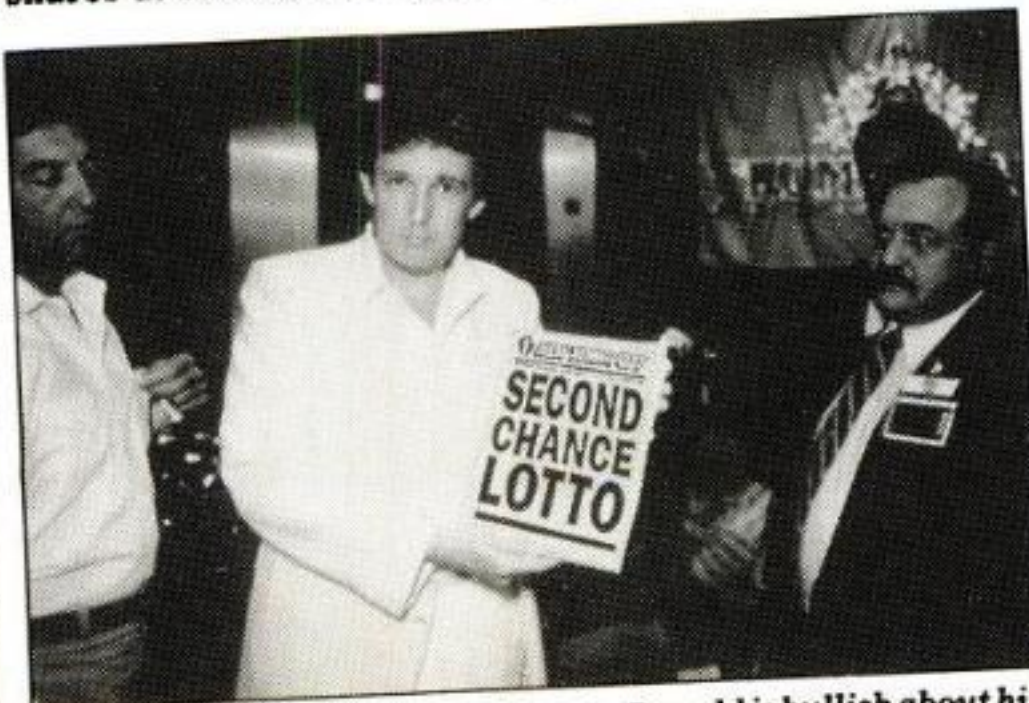
"Life has been very good to me," said Trump, who will serve as the chairman and CEO of Trump Casino Enterprises, "and this is just my way to give something back to all the fabulous men and women who have built this country into the greatest nation on earth. The Man Upstairs gave me an incredible ability to make money. Now I'd like to share this blessing with all of you."

This winter's recession hurt business in the gambling capital of the East. The Castle and the Plaza lost a total of \$38.1 million in 1990, though the Taj Mahal made \$3.6 million. But Trump remains optimistic. "That's why I'm able to offer these shares at such an unbeliev-

ably low price," Trump said. "Think how much you'd have to pay if we'd had another record-breaking year! Listen, anybody who buys this stock has gotten the ultimate bargain. You've heard of people who say they bought Xerox at 3? Well, those people are going to envy anybody who bought Trump at 20."

Trump says he will use the \$1.2 billion he raises to satisfy his bondholders and to fund expansion. "I, for one, think there's currently an incredible opportunity for the gambling industry in Eastern Europe," Trump told The Post.

Meanwhile, The Post has enlisted Trump to be a member of its Second Chance Lotto Team. From now on, instead of receiving \$5,000, Grand Prize winners will receive 100 shares of Trump Casino Enterprises and the chance to get rich, rich, rich!



LET THE TRUMP-ET SOUND: The Donald is bullish about his stock.

West Side Rail Yards Sold by Trump

By THOMAS J. LUECK

Donald J. Trump announced yesterday that he will sell the 76-acre West Side rail yards, which he had planned to develop as a luxury complex that would include the tallest building in the world, to a group of South American investors.

Although Mr. Trump said the property sold for "many, many times what I paid for it," a source close to one of his creditors said the sale price was \$96.2 million. Mr. Trump paid \$95 million for the site in 1985. An agreement to sell the property for a reportedly higher price came apart in late 1990.

The sale terminates Trump's individual and collective suits against the members of Westpride — among them Bill Moyers, Robert Caro and Itzhak Perlman — who had long fought Mr. Trump's plans.

The relatively low sale price — as recently as 1990, Mr. Trump was saying that the site was worth \$650 million — can be attributed to community sentiment against development, which all but ensured that even if Mr. Trump had prevailed, he would not have realized any income from the property for many years. Another factor may be the lukewarm reception given to Mr. Trump's public stock offering. The stock, which was offered last spring at 20 a share, was selling yesterday for 11 1/2.

"Did I make a mistake with the rail yards?" Mr. Trump responded to a reporter's question. "I'll tell you who made a mistake. All those negative people who opposed me. Can you imagine anything more pathetic than being the child of one of those people and looking at your parents and wondering why they became afraid to dream?"

Mr. Trump said that the buyers, who are the principals of a Colombian concern that is seeking to diversify, would hold a press conference to in-

Continued on Page D7



SUZY



WHO was that with Donald Trump at the opening of Bob Dylan's three-week gig at the Taj Mahal in Atlantic City? None other than Trump's leading lady of the moment, Basia Johnson, the baby-powder heiress, who was resplendent in a taupe Scaasi gown. Is Johnson merely the latest in a long line of well-seasoned, well-to-do women—Bubbles Rothermere, Doris Duke, Mary Lee Richards—who dangle from The Donald's arm for just long enough, apparently, to close on a condo at Trump Tower before he directs his attention elsewhere? "No way," says Trump, who still seems to be walking a financial tightrope. "This is love." Of course it is.

Pay Six

BY TONY SCHWARTZ

Not So Fast

IT'S not as though Ivana Trump had a lot of time on her hands. Since her election to the Czech parliament she has had many official duties to keep her busy during the day and many unof-

NO. 64

Where's Trump?

In Poland, Formerly Oppressed Hordes Hunger for Slots

But Casino Construction Plans Are Still in Talking Stage, Despite Payments

Mud Instead of Glamour

By ROGER THUROW
Staff Reporter of THE WALL STREET JOURNAL
WARSAW, Poland—Every day, on his way to work, Tadeuz Michnik passes the big empty lot where one of the cornerstones of his nation's economic recovery is supposed to be laid. And every day Tadeuz Michnik sighs, goes into his office and places a phone call to America that he knows will not be accepted or returned.

Tadeuz Michnik is Poland's minister

of Trade and Tourism. The man he is calling is Donald Trump. Two years after he gave Trump Casino Enterprises a \$55 million cash down payment to build a complex of hotels, shops and gambling casinos in Warsaw, no progress has been made toward ground-breaking. "I'm a patient man," says Mr. Michnik. "President Walesa is a patient man, and the Polish people are a patient people. But I'm beginning to get a little tired of being ignored."

"They've been patient? I've been patient," Mr. Trump replied from his office in New York. "Did you ever try to get quality marble in Warsaw? It's pathetic. Workers with experience in constructing a world-class show palace? Forget it! Did you get a load of their roads? They make me sick! I told them,



Donald J. Trump

"I can build, but you have to do something about the airports.' What good does it do to build a casino if none of your high rollers can land? Have they done anything about that?"

Mr. Trump also maintains that he has not been able to get Polish authorities to agree on a design. "We go in there with a design for your basic 400-room luxury hotel with an atrium, food court, golf course and water-action park, and they say all they want is a ten-story building with a pool and a gambling hall. Well, if I can't build something worthy of the name Trump, I'd rather not build."

Mr. Michnik should not feel singled out. Trump Casino Enterprises made similar deals in 1990 and 1991 with the governments of Romania and Bulgaria.

Please Turn to Page A6, Column 1

MONDAY, MARCH 9, 1992

LIFELINE

A QUICK READ ON WHAT PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT

BOONDOGGLES: *Publishers Weekly*, the book industry's bible, announces its dogs of the year in its current issue. Among 1991's big losers were *Bush Administration Confidential*, by former Interior secretary Manuel Lujan; *See Me, Feel Me, Touch Me, Heal Me: The Autobiography of Roger Daltrey*; *Trump: Surviving at the Top*, by Donald J. Trump; and *Lackadaisical No More: The Darryl Strawberry Story*, by Ira Berkow.

My Post 6.10.92
ficial ones—as the new main squeeze of president-playwright Vaclav Havel—by night. Still, the news that her estranged hubby Donald will sate his appetite for cash by allowing the Rouse Corporation to develop a South Street Seaport-like shop-and-condo complex at the family's Mar-a-Lago estate has her busy indeed. The Very Glamorous Politician, as the Czech press has dubbed her, has burned up three of Prague's fax machines sending angry instructions to her attorneys.

By Eli USA T

Rum are roc Hip-h ground bum Se that sup mic drea

Continued on Page A6, Column 1

Continued on Page D14, Column 3

Besieged on All Fronts, Trump Files for Chapter 11

By KURT EICHENWALD *NYT 2.2.93*



Donald J. Trump leaving court yesterday.

After months of issuing almost daily denials that he was in severe financial straits, former billionaire Donald J. Trump yesterday bowed to the inevitable and filed for protection under Chapter 11 of the federal bankruptcy code.

Mr. Trump, who as a result of a dispute about projects in Eastern Europe was ousted last week from his positions as chairman and chief executive officer of the public casino company that continues to bear his name, listed personal assets of \$4.2 million and debts of \$846 million. Much of that amount is expected to be retired through the sale of the remaining real estate holdings of The Trump Organization in New York and Florida.

Mr. Trump, the epitome of Roaring Eighties-style excess, was in seclusion yesterday, but his latest spokesman, public-relations adviser John P. Scanlon, said he was sure Mr. Trump would be able to use this opportunity

Continued on Page D4, Column 1

CHARITY SEEKS MAJOR DONOR. NEW SCHOOL building needs name, yours. Or 120 disturbed kids face tragedy. Be an angel — call 212-666-0000. —ADVT.

THE NEW YORK TIMES is available for home or office delivery in most major U.S. cities. Please call this toll-free number: 1-800-631-1360 ADVT.



Little Boy, Big Cruel World



Murray Kempton

Breathes there a man with soul so dead he can look into the face of a child, any child—even a child with the unmistakably same small, cold eyes and pouty, smackable lips that adorned the visage of the grotesquely rich publicity hound who for more than a decade befouled the already putridly polluted air of this megapolis—and not feel some small trace of pity if that child's face is looking back at him from behind the bars of a holding pen? No; and no one at yesterday's hearing in Family Court felt immune to the heartbreak when little nine-year-old Eric Trump explained why on the night of February 8 he was at the 173rd Street

premises of one Thomas Manning, also known as Sweet Pea, one of Manhattan's most talented fences, with three Blaupunkt car stereos in his possession at the very moment officers from the 34th Precinct chose to conduct a raid. "I did it to help my dad," the little man in the docket said in a small voice that ought instead to have been raised in play on one of the great greenswards of Central Park. "He's been having some trouble lately."

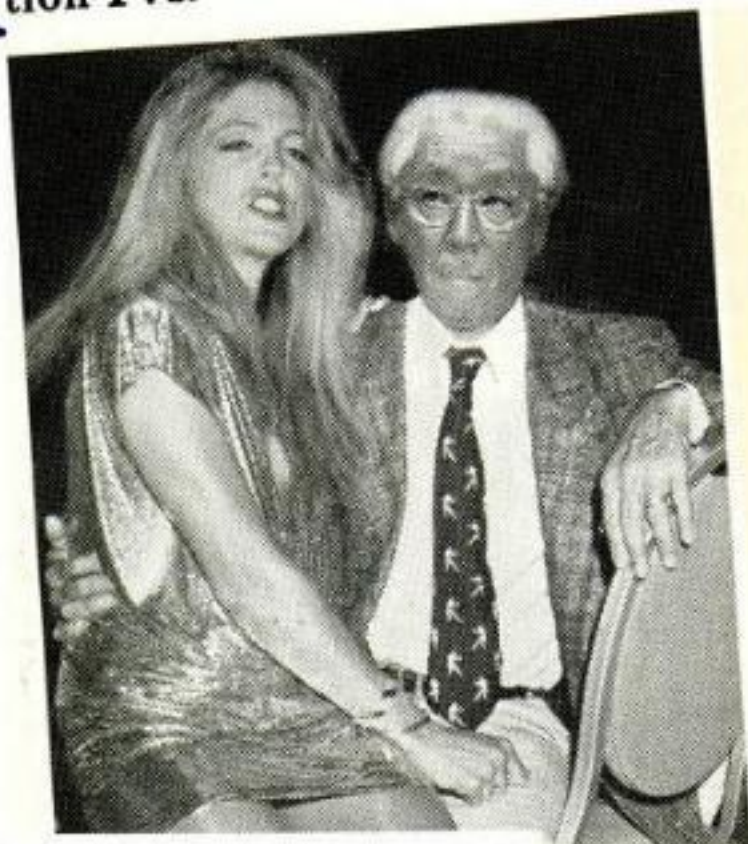
Little Eric's mother, who has no small challenge before her in helping remake a nation, left a Cabinet meeting and flew all night from Prague to be with her son. Little Eric's father,

on the other having been who for and Tr nowher attorne Trump bond alle wh

New York Wednesday 2.11.93

Still Buddies

IT'S in times of trouble that a man gets to know his friends. Donald Trump got a surprise visitor the other day—his old girlfriend, movie actress Marla Maples (*Hey, Let's Do the Forbidden Dance Again*; *Ghostbusters III*; *When Harry Met Sally for the Second Time*), also known as the new bride of Akio Morita, the chairman emeritus of Sony. On her way to the airport, she stopped and lunched with The Donald. "She's a classy lady," Trump said. "And Mr. Morita is a classy man. And the Japanese are a classy people. She gave me one of the new portable high-definition TVs."



Capsules

Reviews and previews of new and reissued tapes and discs

NEW

◆ **Batman II** (Warner, \$69.95, PG) Warner Bros. finally got around to releasing this megadud sequel. Taking the Caped Crusader out of the bleak environs of Gotham City and putting him on the ski slopes of Aspen almost bankrupted the studio. **D**

◆ **Donald Trump's Guide to Winning at Bankruptcy** (Lucky Video, \$19.95, no rating) Wall Street types are snapping this one up—they think it's a camp classic. More amazing than Trump's dippy advice ("Debt is like a woman—it's fun, you can't live without it, but don't let it start making decisions for you") is how badly the former mogul has gone to seed. He's probably put on 80 pounds. **C-**

People

BY WENDY COLE/Reported by Mary IV

Times 5.8.95

Meeting and Greeting

The press ballyhooed it as the most lavish party since 1989, when Malcolm Forbes took half of America's swells to Morocco, but pet-food magnate Leonard Stern's "Cruise to Nowhere" turned out to be a simpler affair. Stern opened his cruise line's flagship, the 282-foot yacht he renamed *Princess Allison*, to 2,000 close friends and associates, including Sid and Mercedes Bass, Jay and Daryl McInerney and New York mayor C. Vernon Mason, in celebration of his new publishing venture, the upscale Manhattan weekly

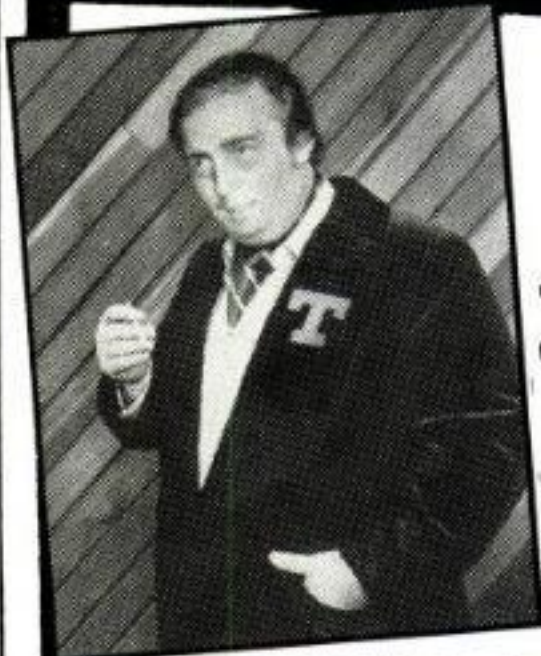


Shoppers' Buy-Lines. Ex-billionaire Donald Trump, the former owner of the vessel, was also on hand—but this time as a working stiff. Trump serves as the cruise line's vice president for customer relations. "His job is to be a bon vivant, a raconteur," said Stern. "He makes sure everyone is having a good time."

Ed Seig-

...who won a seven-year-long allowance at Belmont Wednesday.

My Post 10.31.95



"HEY, GUYS!"

"When I was going around the world in my giant yacht, or negotiating incredible deals, or running billion-dollar corporations, I always thought that my biggest asset was **LOOKING GOOD**. Now you too can look like a billionaire, with my new line of grooming products—Hair Spray, Mousse, Gel and Tint."

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After the Hoopla, Trump Is Serene

By GEORGIA DULLEA

New Yorkers who remember Donald Trump from his heyday would be surprised at the way he seems today. He is older, to be sure, and heavier, and his hairline is in full retreat, but those superficial features are not what command attention. What is striking is the change in behavior. Gone is the brash tyro, the swaggering tough guy. In his place is an amiable, somewhat unpolished charmer who is just the sort of person with whom you wouldn't mind lingering over lunch.

Which, in increasing numbers, New Yorkers have begun to do, much to the delight of the executives at WWOR-TV. One of the local hits of the new TV season is "Lunch With Ivana and Me," a title that pretty much explains the show's premise. Viewers have been tuning in to watch the reconciled Trumps, who never actually divorced, talk about what they did the previous evening, interview celebrity guests, try new recipes—and occasionally needle each other.

"They're obviously in love, but they have this interesting history," said the show's producer, Jerry Nachman. "The audience gets a special kick when she gets that twinkle in her eye and asks how good Marla really was, and then he comes back and asks what she and Havel were doing when they were hanging around the presidential palace all night. I think viewers can relate to their experiences. They're like 'The Honeymooners' for the 1990's."

Mr. Trump readily attributes the success of the show to his wife. "Channel 9 was all set to give her her own show. And Ivana said, 'No, let's get The Donald involved. I don't want to do it without The Donald.' I wasn't doing much except liquidating my grooming-products corporation and doing a little consulting for the Sultan of Brunei—there's a guy who knows the meaning of loyalty. When Ivana called, I thought, 'Why




Donald and Ivana Trump behind the set of their program.

not?' After we taped the first show, I asked her out for coffee. I felt the old feelings. And, you know, she did, too."

Does Mr. Trump miss his glory days as a billionaire mover and shaker? "Sometimes I walk down Fifth Avenue and see Trump Tower—sorry, Geffen Tower, and I see how well The Plaza is doing under Yoko, and I feel angry that all that was taken from me. But what's done is done. I'm trying to focus my energies on the positives, and that means the program. Our contract with Channel 9 is up next year, and we may sign with someone else. Ted Turner is interested, ABC, all the networks. So is Rupert Murdoch, for

his satellite network in Europe. It's a good show now, but I think it could become an incredible show, a cornerstone program, a monster, the type of perennially top show that can make or break a network and really make some big money, in this country and overseas, and if those morons out there can't see that the name Trump on their schedule is worth a little equity..."

He catches himself, pauses. "Things are better now. You know, Bert Convy asked me and Ivana to come down to the Taj and emcee a fight—we met Bert last month when we were the celebrity players on 'Win, Lose or Draw.' It'll be good to go back, see the old gang."



There's o problem th smaller e

Almost everyone knows that
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is that you can help. In fact, that

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about trees, you owe it to yourself to pitch in and work.

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"Write about what you know,"

teachers have guessed that a coddled, self-

ailments—not to mention its Pap

NO pain,

WILLIAM BROYLES JR., THE FOUNDING EDITOR OF *TEXAS MONTHLY* AND BRIEFLY THE EDITOR of *Newsweek*, was driving along a California roadway in 1988 when his Jeep went out of control and rolled. The accident wrenched off a portion of one of his index fingers, leaving a bloody nub. A Vietnam veteran, Broyles had been tested under fire before, and he knew—almost instinctively—what he must do. He stanching the blood, drew a long breath, made his way to a nearby emergency room—and then phoned *Esquire*. *Would there be any interest*, he asked 37-inch-tall editor Lee Eisenberg, *in a first-person story about a four-fingered man?*

THE STRANGE VOGUE FOR PERSONAL-INJURY JOURNALISM

by Elizabeth Royte and John Tayman

Eisenberg, ever quick to seize the opportunity to subsidize a potentially mawkish piece of introspective journalism, leapt at the idea. After all, what had worked once would work again: in 1981 *Esquire* had published "My Life With *Three Fingers*" (italics ours), by the writer Bruce Weber, who is now an editor at *The New York Times Magazine*. Among other things, this article explained why Weber lies on his right side when in bed with a woman. That way, he wrote, "my left hand [with its full complement of fingers]

is the active one." The sensation of three fingers "maneuvering around a breast," he imagined, empathizing with his conquests, might feel "crawly."

As for Broyles, he quickly had second thoughts about sharing parallel, four-fingered intimacies with *Esquire's* readers. But were it not for this unfortunate onrush of modesty, he would have joined the large and growing school of writers who have discovered that their richest body of material may well lie in their own bodies—or, more correctly, in their bodily misadventures. Whether they seek to recharge flagging careers, quickly fill column holes or satisfy sharing-giving-feeling compulsions left over from the seventies, writers have shown an increasing inclination during the last ten years to turn their heart attacks, intestinal disorders, cesarean sections and sexually transmitted diseases into magazine filler or even, on occasion, books—and best-sellers at that.

This wasn't always so. Even the closest reading of *Paradise Lost* doesn't reveal Milton's blindness. Nor did Virgil ever hint at his failing eyesight in *The Aeneid*. In contrast, readers of the April 1987 *Cosmopolitan* know all about Lorraine Krehling's bladder operation. *Rolling Stone* readers were treated to similar revelations when the magazine invited Epstein-Barr sufferer Hillary Johnson to publish 10,000 words on her illness—spread over two issues, no less, in July and August 1987—including descriptions of her metabolic disturbances, impaired reasoning, spatial disorientation, sequential-memory disturbance, anxiety, phobias, enlarged liver, enlarged spleen and, last but not least, puffy eyelids.

What compels some writers—real writers too, not just hacks (witness John Updike's account of his lifelong battle with psoriasis in *Self-Consciousness*)—to spill their guts across the pages of glossy magazines? Why does a journeyman television writer like Peter Freundlich whine for 4,000 words in, yes,

**writing teachers have always said. But little could those
obsessed generation would begin chronicling its most recent injuries and
smears, missing fingers, hair plugs and more!**

No story

Esquire about his then-dysfunctional penis while *Nation* editor Victor Navasky never types a word about his own crippling arthritis? For Navasky, it may be an inconvenient sense of propriety and discretion. For Freundlich, Weber and their cohorts in hospital johnnies, a quick reading of the canon provides several explanations:

Money. Writers generally need it, and the fee from a quick tour around one's failing corpus can keep Blue Cross and Blue Shield at bay. In *No Laughing Matter*, a 90,000-word account of Joseph Heller's battle with Guillain-Barré syndrome, which causes sufferers to lose control of their limbs, Heller's co-author Speed Vogel let slip that the more famous man's book royalties had dwindled to \$800 a month while his monthly medical bills had suddenly grown to \$13,000. Under such circumstances, tossing off an *About Men* column just won't do; a book is all but compulsory.

Writer's block. When inspiration fails or laziness intervenes, personal tragedy is always available as a reservoir of dramatic material. Nelson Bryant, the *Outdoors* columnist for *The New York Times*, accidentally blew off the tip of a finger while shooting at a rabbit. Afterward he told an acquaintance that he was too embarrassed ever to write about it. But when a fishing column fell through and his deadline approached, compunction went out the door: "I contrived to put a .22 rim fire bullet through the uttermost knuckle of the index finger of my right

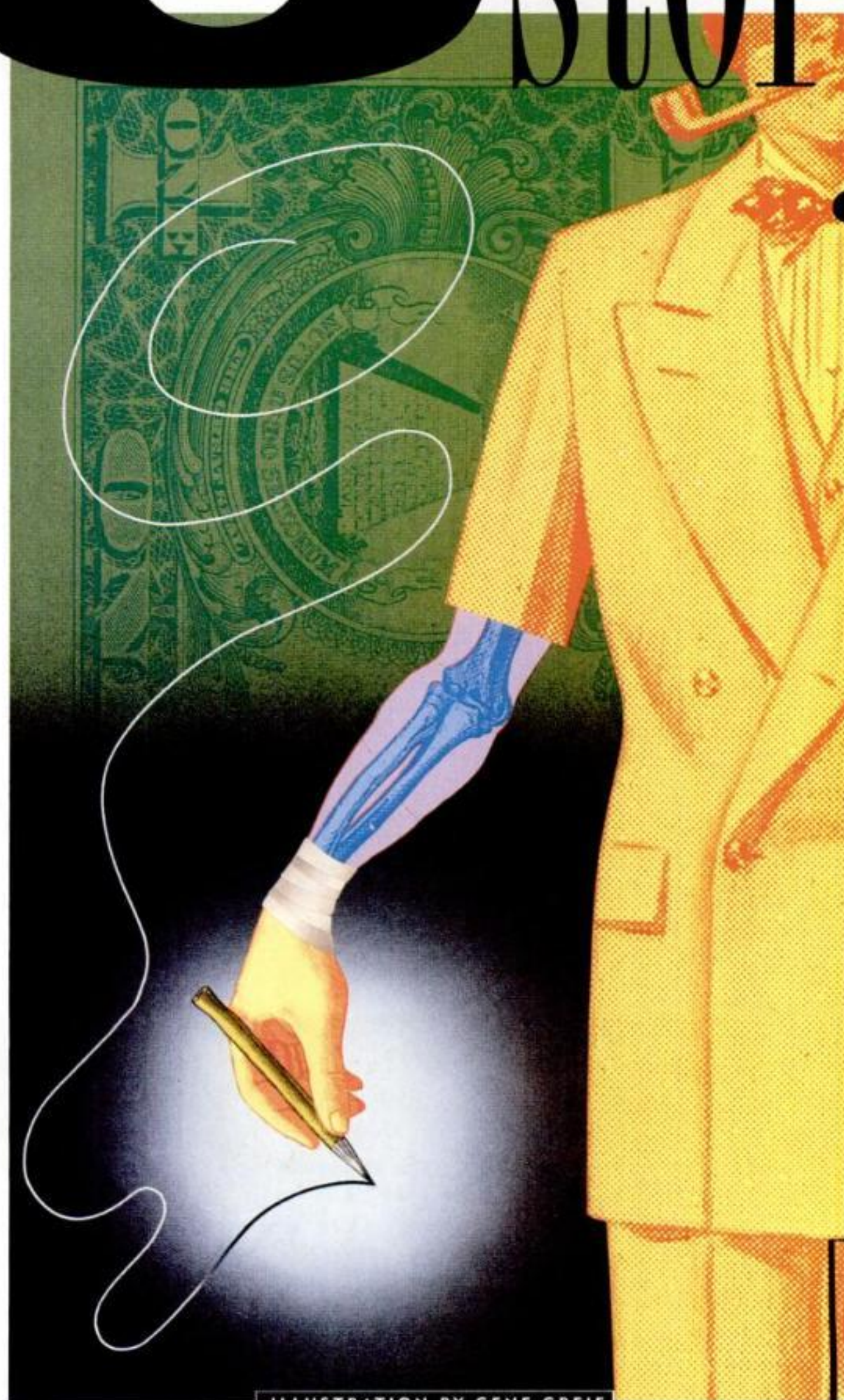


ILLUSTRATION BY GENE GREIF

hand," he told the *Times's* readers. "I wondered if the finger would heal rapidly enough for me to fish for shad."

Sheer exhibitionism. Admittedly, there is a little of this in many of us — remember LBJ lifting his shirt in front of newspaper photographers to display the scar from his gall-bladder surgery? Indeed, there are often but two differences between a civilian's medical exhibitionism and a writer's: those of premeditation and word rate. As Joseph Heller writes, "I knew intuitively that I was going to the hospital. And I tried to pack accordingly. I thought first of a dictionary, a thesaurus, some pads, pens, and pencils." In a story for *The New York Times Magazine* unironically entitled "The Private Pain of Infertility," Gwen Davis unironically insists, "Our pain is private; we keep it to ourselves." And yet to the hotel room where she will soon ingest an expensive round of fertility drugs, she totes her personal computer.

Narcissism. Authors who may already have been paid to document their childhoods and the breakups of their first marriages might understandably assume that the public hungers for details of their sinus infections. Plus, there is the exquisite sense of self-awareness that often accompanies pain and disease—or so we are told. "A dangerous illness fills you with adrenaline and makes you feel very smart," writes Anatole Broyard in the *Times Magazine*, reminiscing about his cancerous prostate gland; he then tells us he imagines his endangered life "as a beautiful paisley shawl thrown over a grand piano."

The aging process. Broyard is an older man, raised in a more decorous era than our own—and even he has succumbed to the personal-injury genre. As the famously self-obsessed baby-boom generation gets older and also finds itself beginning to decay, the maxim "Write what you know" will be taken to ever more unpleasant extremes. William Allen, in *Esquire*, on getting outfitted for his hairpiece: "He made a sort of mold of my head out of paper and masking tape.... Every few days I had to shave the part of my head going under the tape.... I would put the [adhesive] on my tape with a little brush... and it worked fine until the residue built up. The gummy crud built up on my head, too."

Read enough of such prose and you almost find yourself agreeing with Tom Wolfe when he insists that modern writers should pour forth into the streets and tackle life's larger issues. Anthony Brandt, in his final Ethics column for *Esquire*, at least takes a stab at it, expressing the hope that he can sum things

up and "say something grand." But he manages only 400 high-toned words before grandness is abandoned and problems of the digestive tract take center stage: "What strikes me now about my irritable bowel is the general condition it illustrates: the enduring consequences that small, apparently minor mistakes can have." This is not the sort of analogy Susan Sontag had in mind when she wrote *Illness as Metaphor*, her thoughtful 1978 meditation on the cultural meanings of disease—prompted by Sontag's own struggle with cancer—that is the ne plus ultra of the genre.

As for the rest, whether they are 2,000-word essays for *Harper's* (penis-plagued Peter Freundlich again—this time getting a tooth filled) or 175-page best-sellers (Larry King suffering a heart attack), whether



"The pain was astonishing, so intense that some nights I sat up spitting into a Styrofoam coffee cup to avoid the agony of swallowing."

Jack McClintock

on his phantom case of herpes, *Esquire*

they are concerned with brain tumors or gingivitis, most take predictable form. For those readers who suspect they too harbor a malady of interest to others, we offer this short primer:

Begin with a description of life before the affliction. By stressing the ordinary routine of their lives before their bodies betrayed them, the masters of the genre hope to show that their tragedy could very well be anyone's—everyone's. In other words, they didn't ask for it. "I dressed as customary upon getting out of bed, large-size trousers over my underpants and then a loose sweatshirt—I have never gotten used to pajamas or a bathrobe—and prepared my normal breakfast," Joseph Heller happily recalls in *No Laughing Matter*; before the breakfast dishes are cleared, however, he's struck with Guillain-Barré syndrome.

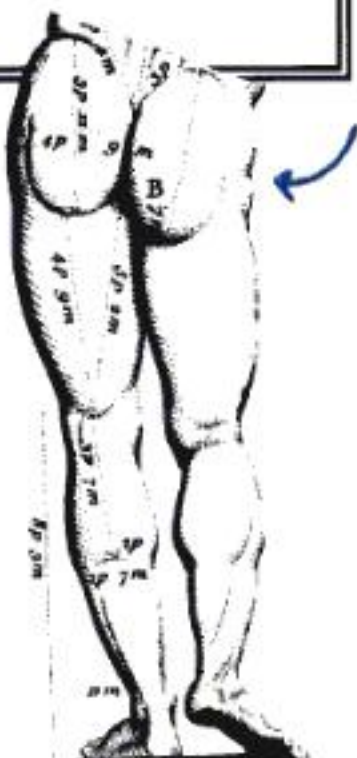
Don't forget to establish your extraordinary intelligence and professional success—proof that your illness was unjust. Writing in *The New York Times Magazine*, Nan Robertson reminds us that she went dancing "in a black velvet Paris gown" the night she contracted toxic shock syndrome. "I unwrapped the hero and took a bite, looking at my new Emmy.... This was my third," announces Barbara Gordon in *I'm Dancing as Fast as I Can*, a book-length discussion of her Valium addiction. This sort of offhand detail (Emmy as ancillary to hero-eating) works well: *lives are being threatened, and what wonderful lives they are!*

Establish the seriousness of your disease as well as your writerly intent by using a lot of macabre metaphors. Doctors become (to quote Freundlich) "executioners," compliments turn into "funeral gifts," dentists' chairs are "morgue slabs" and hospital gowns "shrouds."

"I am now experiencing diarrhea on a nearly constant basis. My doctor assures me that I am very lucky. 'Look on the bright side,' he says. 'You could be constipated.'"

David Blum

on his digestive tract,
New York magazine

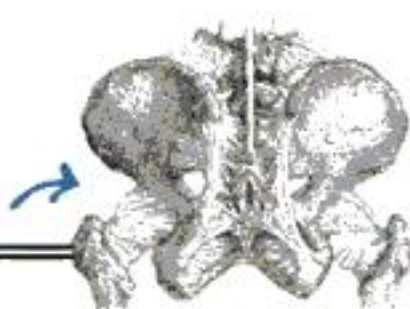


If you aren't sick yourself, a spouse's, parent's or child's illness will serve. And don't be impatient. Although Molly Haskell was in the pink when she began chronicling her husband Andrew Sarris's cytomegalovirus encephalitis (in her recent book *Love and Other Infectious Diseases*), misfortune soon smiled on her: by the time he began his recovery, she too could claim a hospital room, having been laid up—as she tells us—with her very own intestinal blockage.

Continually declare the uniqueness of your pain. A writer must believe that the pain he or she is experiencing is unlike any other kind of pain if readers are to be truly and morbidly fascinated by it. This holds whether it's Steve Fishman's "rasping," "stinging," "gnawing" pain (brain hemorrhage; book), or more like Geoffrey Wolff's "heavy person...kneeling on my chest" pain (heart trouble; article in *Esquire*). Also, don't be shy about including any private ruminations on pain's existential nature, no matter how wandering or trite; such observations are nearly obligatory—the genre's money shots, so to speak. Fishman asks, "Is pain always personal?... How do you describe a hurt? We can each of us agree that a leaf is green, a ball of cotton soft, but what is a rasping pain...?" and adds, "My pain is private" (heedless, like infertile, unironic Gwen Davis, of the contradiction).

Keep no insights whatsoever to yourself. "Brain surgery for me is a process a patient undergoes," writes Fishman, sounding like Dan Quayle. Also, don't worry about mystifying readers or appearing pretentious in providing any medical jargon you may have picked up. "LVEF 55% w/mild diffuse hypokinesis; calcific Ao valve w/decr mobil; non-dom RCA normal," notes John Gregory Dunne, helpfully, in *Harp* (a 1989 book about his heart disease).

Don't stint on the gore. "The disturbing sound of metal scraping wood is heard as the surgeon's tool rips the scalp off the skull, a smooth, pale, bloodless curve," writes Fishman, the brain-hemorrhage sufferer. "A wide tongue of scalp is tied back to a sheet. From underneath it looks like a slab of raw meat." Naturally, the best writers in this genre have strong stomachs—or, better still, stomachs that have been cut open and sewn back together. In *Grown-up Fast*, Betsy Israel describes life after her routine cesarean delivery: "Two thick pouches of skin like pleated drapes hung from either side of the scar." To disguise this, she "applied the makeup base, and placed the tape over it, wrapping it around my waist several times.... But when I moved, the tape gapped, I had to put more tape on the tape, and it became hard to lift my arms." Next she tried Krazy Glue. "I worked quickly, folding the flab



"I felt a living stick...poking me, nudging me, from the inside, somewhere under my pubic bone, exploring some tissue-clotted cave, moving stiffly left and right like a tiller, bumping up against the soft ceiling of my belly, pushing at the soft walls...."

Peter Freundlich

on his cystoscopic operation,
Esquire

to the center and pressing.... But suddenly my skin was on fire. Panting, I grabbed at the folded flesh. I ran a nail down the crease... pulled and tugged until at last the skin curled open, blood rushing in tiny red dots to the surface."

When you can't stretch out your account of the illness itself any longer, treat the reader to detailed, blow-by-blow descriptions of your recovery. Heller extensively quotes his daily medical charts, the color and texture of his secretions, the frequency of his bowel movements. "No BM 3 day. Received glycerine supp. 5 pm without results. Fleet enema 8:30 pm with poor results." Nan Robertson's toxic shock progresses nicely: "Dr. Sharp would rip away bits of the hard black sheaths around my fingers to find, triumphantly, healthy pink flesh beneath." Never underestimate the powerful symbolism of rebirth.

Which brings us, finally, to this:

The question *What did I do to deserve this?* must never be rhetorical. No matter how vigorously they deny it, all writers about personal illness have read their Sontag, and the notion of illness as a metaphor for moral weakness—a punishment for sloth, inadequacy and a life spent in the fast lane—must be dealt with. In *Esquire*, Jack McClintock (venereal disease) bravely writes, "The contracting of a disease is not a moral event." Nevertheless, we learn that "the novel that I had sacrificed a great deal (perhaps the marriage) to write had been rejected. With friends I seemed dulled, self-obsessed, a bore. Somehow herpes came to symbolize and embody all the rest." John Gregory Dunne writes, on first learning of his occluded coronary arteries, "What I felt, oddly enough, was a sense of guilt, mixed with shame and embarrassment.... It was my fault."

Of course, Dunne goes on to tell us it really wasn't his fault, just as McClintock understands that his case of herpes has nothing to do with his status as a self-professed bore. And yet, despite their denial of any physical-suffering-as-spiritual-just-deserts conceit, many of these writers relate their happy endings in the language of religious redemption. Thanks to successful heart surgery, Dunne is reborn to "a new life." McClintock, 6,000 words into his venereal case history, learns that the "redness and soreness on the penis, a rubbed raw patch" didn't mean he had herpes—"miraculously."

In the end, though, we give these writers the benefit of the doubt—to a point. Okay, we say, after reading about the bowel surgery, the severed digits, the rotting teeth, the infected genitals. Okay, maybe illness isn't a metaphor for some moral weakness. But spinning it into a self-important magazine piece, well—we're not so sure. ▀



"My breastbone is wired and stapled like a packing crate.... My scar is a beaut. Purple, visible at a good distance."

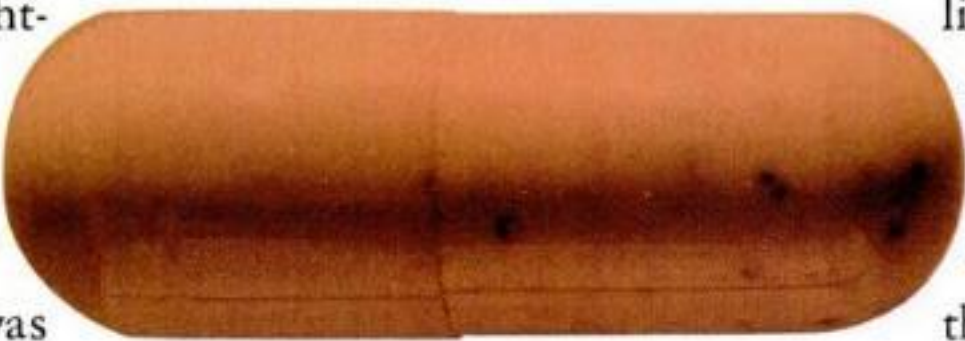
Geoffrey Wolff

on his recovery from
heart surgery,
Esquire

**WHAT THEY DON'T TEACH YOU
AT HARVARD BUSINESS SCHOOL—BUT
WHAT, IF YOU WERE NIKKI HASKELL,
YOU MIGHT HAVE PICKED UP ONE NIGHT
AT STRINGFELLOWS**

valley of the
quasi celebrities

Think of Nikki Haskell. No, you're thinking of Pia Zadora. Nikki Haskell is the one who *doesn't* sing. Nikki Haskell is the one who wears the Fabrice dresses, too small and serried with crosswise folds and wrinkles. True, she and Pia have the same haircut (Rod Stewart's), the same milieu, the same parking-meter stature. But Nikki Haskell is the one who doesn't sing and who doesn't have a rich Israeli husband. In the 1970s and '80s Nikki Haskell was somebody who was always around but who never quite arrived. For a time, around ten years ago, she ruled New York night—ing Baird Jones in vassalage—ence before Xenon owner Peppo was a party promoter, a bad papa—Also, a cable-TV personality. What was *Party Hostess*? In any case, that life is mostly behind her now. ☞ It is 1990. Nikki Haskell is 47 years old. The clubs are dead. Her dresses still don't fit. No longer a minor socialite, she is now an aging minor socialite. There must be a way out. ☞ There is: *Nikki Haskell's Tone Caps*. Tone Caps, miracle diet pills, are Nikki Haskell's ticket to "real money," as she calls it. Her ticket out of her *faux* penthouse (luxury high rise between Second and Third) with its dated, camp zebra-skin decor. Her ticket out of Third-Rate-Celebrity Hell. And it just might work. ☞ Nikki Golbus grew up in Chicago in the 1940s and '50s. The family was rich. Nikki was the child of "Dapper Dan" Golbus, a man who anticipated the corporate synergies of a later decade by owning both a millinery and a construction business. He spoiled his only daughter, giving her, for example, not one horse but six. The family moved to Beverly Hills when Nikki was 13; her father died soon thereafter. Still, the cars, the famous and wealthy developer named Jack Haskell at 21,



life like a lesser Slovak noble, hold-though remaining a humble pres-Vanini. She lived in the clubs. She razzi photograph, a Page Six item. the cable show, anyway? *Public Access*

Nikki loved her life in California: boys. She married a real estate de-divorced him two years later be-

by Jennet Conant



Nikki Haskell, nonstop party girl, practices dancing on tables at home. (Note imitation Warhol signed HASKELL — a self-portrait, an homage and an excellent value.)

PHOTOGRAPH BY HARRY BENSON

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cause of his hot temper, remarried him, moved to New York and became a stockbroker, then divorced Jack Haskell again. The



Fancy dress: A signature beaddress and assorted groin coverings (with bead, chain and lace variations) mark the Haskell style—left to right, Haskell with singer Rick James, as a punk, at Carnival in Rio with Neil Sedaka and fashion designer Fabrice, at Hugh Hefner's Midsummer Night's Dream party and with Cornelia Guest on Halloween (with Guest apparently in costume as an ordinary human being)

Account Executive Years, at Drexel Burnham and elsewhere, lasted until 1977, when she went back west to coproduce a Malcolm MacDowell movie called *Aces High*. This complicated life now acquired all the elements of a modern fairy tale: a phony prince, a cable show and bankruptcy.

In 1979, Haskell's friend "Prince" Egon von Furstenberg asked her to host his cable talk show. He soon bailed out, but *The Nikki Haskell Show* ran for four years on Channel J. It was based at the club the Underground and featured Haskell in exotic costume, flown to exotic locales by Pan Am (for promotional consideration—the show's only advertising) and chatting with her exotic friends (for example, Robert Wagner). After spending about \$300,000, her entire fortune, and running up big debts to friends, video production companies and cameramen, Haskell declared bankruptcy. A subsequent career throwing parties for pay—to promote clubs, products, Joey Heatherton—frustrated her. The work was very satisfying, but it simply didn't bring in enough money. Haskell, game as ever, was reduced to teaching a course at the Learning Annex on how to get invited to the right parties and how to give them. The fee: \$25.

"Just garlic and papaya," Haskell says proudly, describing the Tone Caps' ingredients. "The papaya

comes from the Amazon. The garlic comes from the high Andes. It's not exactly the formula for the atom bomb—it's like Colombian coffee:



point," says Cowan. "They seem to work. They keep me toned."

Haskell's male counterpart in party-attending and -throwing, social enigma R. Couri Hay, is devoted to her pills: "They don't have any narcotics in them, you know. I sometimes wish they did." Hay takes his Tone Caps with champagne, even though the

it's something that's indigenous to the area." She is eating lunch in her apartment on 68th Street (salade niçoise, cold bow-tie pasta, tomatoes and mozzarella, baby loaves of onion bread). Propped against the wall is a gold-painted step-ladder bearing the legend NIKKI HASKELL: FOR SOCIAL CLIMBING. She has opened the childproof cap of a plastic bottle filled with bright-orange capsules. The label says, NIKKI HASKELL'S TONE CAPS. They smell awful. With a long, hooklike red fingernail, Haskell pushes a pill across the table.

"Margaux Hemingway lost 50, maybe 60, pounds with them," she says. "Cornelia [Guest] takes them; she lost a lot of weight. And Lorna Luft. Call Lorna." Jill St. John. Eva Gabor. Barbara Rush. Ann Turkel, Richard Harris's former wife.

"Malcolm Forbes used a bottle to trim down before his 70th birthday," Haskell says. (Forbes is deceased.) Charles Revson's son John. Jet-set furrier Dennis Basso. Warren Cowan, chairman of the public-relations firm Rogers & Cowan, says he lost eight pounds on the pills. "I'll try anything at this

directions advise orange juice (the pills, being diuretic, deplete potassium; the juice replenishes it). "I can go through a box of Godivas, an entire bottle of Cristal—which, you know, is much less fattening than Dom Perignon—and I don't look as puffy the next day," says Hay. "If I take the pill and I've gone wee-wee quite a bit, I can see the difference. I

can button my shirt, you know."

Wee-wee? This is the Tone Caps' dynamic engine of weight loss. Beverly Johnson, model, was in Paris for a runway show. The clothes didn't fit. She says, "The show was in ten days. So I took two in the morning, one in the afternoon and another at dinner. You're in Paris—you know, the food is so good. I ate dinner every night, and I still lost ten pounds in ten days. You do have to pee all the time. That was a little annoying."

"I'm telling you, it really works," says Haskell. "I've been on a diet since I was 13. I've been on every diet known to mankind. I've taken the pills, the shots, the injections of pregnant women's urine. The shake jobs are the worst."

With her full breasts and tiny,



From kooky gamine (1961) to Liz Taylor-like sophisticate (1988). If she had one, Haskell's career in films and on the stage would span five decades.



"I've been on every diet known to mankind," says Haskell. "I've taken the pills, the shots, the injections of pregnant women's urine"

bony frame, Haskell resembles a shiny partridge. At lunch she wears a short blue Lady Bird Johnson dress and three-inch heels. She says she is five foot three, 103 pounds, and eats "like a horse," something her lunchtime behavior does not contradict. How can she look like a partridge but eat like a horse? Of course: the little orange pills.

Haskell first heard about the magic papaya-and-garlic elixir in the early 1980s, when tubby society types were keeping slim with the help of Enzo Caps — another Peruvian wonder pill — which were taken off the market in 1985. "There was this coup in Peru," says Haskell, "and the Enzo Caps vanished into the sunset."

That's when it occurred to her that if she could sell the mixture herself, she could make millions. The market already existed. And who needs a chemistry degree? Just last year Dick Gregory, the comedian-civil-rights activist, netted \$13 million with Dick Gregory's Bahamian Diet (a shake job). With the help of some Peruvian friends (who doesn't have one or two?), Haskell managed to have the pills manufactured in a Lima laboratory. After 18 months of problems and delays, the capsules finally made it through customs. When the first shipment of Tone Caps arrived in New York in late 1986, Haskell delivered them to all the "best buildings" by car. "Up and down

at Le Cirque. She went to every single drugstore on the Upper East Side and personally persuaded the owners to carry Tone Caps. She begged Boyd's, the posh Madison Avenue pharmacy, to sell them; after a string of letters and calls

medieval times, after all, when magic ruled over reason. There is a theory behind Haskell's pills, and it runs something like this: Papaya, as a metabolizing agent, breaks down protein. "Papaya is a natural enzyme that is in every



Ivana Trump finds time (despite reserve duty with the Czech Wacs?) to give Haskell an audience on the Trump Princess. Meanwhile, Margaux Hemingway, pre-Tone Cap therapy, stares dreamily at Haskell's scalp. Hemingway, her friend claims, lost 50 or 60 pounds.

and celebrity endorsements, they ordered Haskell's pills. Now they sell 60 bottles a month. (Haskell overcame a serious marketing problem. The pills stink, and as everyone knows, after you eat garlic, you stink, as the garlic is released through your pores. Haskell addresses this issue forthrightly, explaining that the pills use only deodorized garlic and are therefore safe. Included in her Tone Caps press kit is the standard work on this subject, "The Healing Powers of Garlic — Nature's Ancient

stomach and in meat tenderizers," explains Haskell. "When meat leaves the slaughterhouse, they dip it in a papaya solution." The garlic, a natural diuretic, flushes out the system. "The faster that food moves through the system, the better the chance you have of losing weight," says Haskell. Food settlements that might otherwise grow into great civilizations of fat are thus swept away mercilessly.

"I cannot conceive of any scientific basis where that could be true," was the succinct opinion of FDA spokesman Mike Shaffer when he was asked about Haskell's theory. He added that losing weight by urinating heavily is in no way the same thing as shedding fat. (The pills do not need FDA approval as long as they're called a "dietary supplement.")

Still, Haskell's friends swear the Tone Caps work. "I'm a songwriter, not a chemist, you know," says Carol Connors, a Los Angeles-based lyricist and coauthor of the



Breakfast at Bijan: Haskell on the town with various wolves — left to right, R. Couri Hay; Vivian Blaine's manager-husband, Jeff; LeRoy Neiman; Malcolm Forbes; Prince Egon von Furstenberg; and entertainment lawyer Allen Grubman

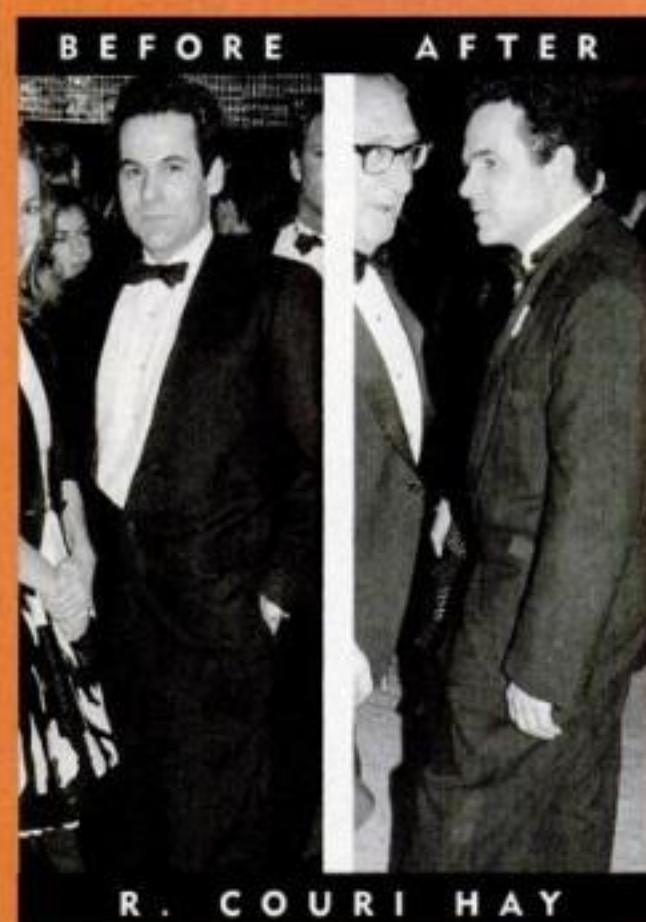
Park Avenue," she says, "all the women wanted them."

Haskell's business grew by word of mouth — largely hers. She passed out bottles of pills during lunches

Medicine in Modern Deodorized Form," by Morton Walker, D.P.M. (Doctor of Podiatric Medicine).

We no longer live in an age of superstition. These are not

Fabulous Results of the Fit-for-Nightlife Diet



Left, slim, trim (but unfortunately not a Tone Caps customer) Joey Heatherton rubs her torso against Haskell while an Imelda Marcos impersonator grins happily. Right, The Three Partyteers I: Jackie Collins, Allan Carr and Haskell; The Three Partyteers II: Haskell, Peter Allen and Charlene Tilton

Nikki Haskell
is still
around, but
she still
hasn't arrived.
Even now,
when she
drops a name,
it tends to be
Lorna Luft's

Rocky theme, "Gonna Fly Now," as well as "Champagne Wishes and Caviar Dreams," the theme from *Lifestyles of the Rich and Famous*. "But my doctor said they were fine. He didn't say, 'Stop.' I take them in moderation, and I've been taking them for two or three years now. I watch what I eat. I've lost 14 pounds. Thanks to Tone Caps, I can drink all the champagne and eat all the caviar I want." Fourteen pounds in three years — 14 pounds *exactly*; Tone Caps get results.

Haskell's entrepreneurial gambit just might work. The pills are evidently selling. Haskell says profits have kept her company in the black, and this year she expects to see "real money" coming in. Her friend Ivana Trump is said to have distributed bottles of the pills at one of her all-girl pajama-party weekends at Mar-a-Lago in Palm Beach. Approximately 150 stores in New York, Florida and Beverly Hills carry Tone Caps, and in September so will the 1,300 outlets of General Nutrition Center, the largest health-food chain in the country. At \$100 for 30 pills, Tone Caps can be a several-thousand-dollar-a-year habit. And Haskell has

big plans. She's giving the Tone Caps a more upscale image — changing the name to Star Caps, adding a gold star to the label and including her own 14-day diet plan. A whole line of new products is in the works: Nikki Haskell's diet salad dressings and varicose-vein creams, Nikki Haskell's Celluslim Cellulite Control System (already available on the Home Shopping Network), as well as a special Nikki Haskell diet water. Now, there's an idea.

It just might work. But it hasn't yet. Nikki Haskell is still around, but she still hasn't quite arrived. Even now, when she drops a name, it tends to be Lorna Luft's. Cornelia. Margaux. Jet-set furrier Dennis Basso. Haskell's eager endorsers cannot seem to speak on the record without mentioning Cristal, Godiva, caviar. From the looks of things, she may have escaped from Third-Rate-Celebrity Hell only to find herself in *Fat-Third-Rate-Celebrity Hell*. If the real money comes through, though, it all will have been worth it. Then Nikki Haskell — consummate survivor and would-be diet guru to Le Cirque and Park Avenue — can move west of Lexington. **D**



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THE YOLK'S ON THEM

*The delicate art of putting
egg on one's own face*

BY HENRY 'DUTCH' HOLLAND



That tired old gag "How do I get to Carnegie Hall?" ("Practice, practice, practice" recently became fresh and exciting in the hands of *Daily News* columnist William Norwich. Here is how Norwich opened one of his columns:

REVIEW OF

REVIEWERS

Question: Hey, Mister, which way to Carnegie Hall?

Answer: Practice.

Norwich's brave improvisation deserves scrutiny. By simply replacing "How do I get to" with "Which way to," he deftly renders the answer (a minimalist "Practice") meaningless—that is to say, *funny*. This is bold new comedy indeed: *paraphrasing to comic effect*. It's as if Henny Youngman, all those years ago, had stepped up to the microphone and instead said, "My wife, for example...please!"

Norwich's fellow gossip Liz Smith, in the same newspaper two days later, also ran into trouble at the start of a column. Her earnest remembrance of Sammy Davis Jr., Jim Henson and art dealer Harry Bailey began with an extremely curious choice of quotation, from Clarence Darrow: "According to obituary notices, a mean and useless citizen never dies." That whistling sound? Darrow's sarcasm whizzing over the top of Liz's ten-gallon hat.

No one was more shocked than *The New York Times* when Van Gogh's *Portrait of Dr. Gachet* fetched \$82.5 million at Christie's last May. (Well, maybe I was: days earlier, I'd passed on a chance to buy that very painting on MacDougal Street for a fraction of what Ryoei Saito paid—\$5, I think it was.) The *Times* had been saying that the art market was softening and that prices were dropping, and now this Van Gogh had brought a record-

breaking price. Very embarrassing indeed. But the *Times* wiped the egg from its face by putting a determined spin on the story: Michael Kimmelman's news analysis of the sale, two days later, carried the headline \$82.5 MILLION PRICE FOR VAN GOGH DISGUISES POOR OVERALL SALES. The article's pull quote said insistently, "Most of the other items in the lot sell below their estimates," and the headline for the jump to a second page was a hopefully dire VAN GOGH PRICE OBSCURES A SLIDE IN ART MARKET. (Days later, yet another painting went for a stratospheric price—*At the Moulin de la Galette* for \$78.1 million, at Sotheby's.)

So how's the art market these days? All together, now: *Lousy!*

Traditionally critics tell us how they feel about whatever it is they're reviewing. Not Roger Ebert. He tells us how he *doesn't* feel, how he *hasn't* reacted. And he does it in a wishy-washy way, with the tremulous Ebert thumb pointed neither up nor down but sideways. Here, from the *Daily News* (and not, as you might imagine, from *Highlights for Children*), are Ebert's final, hedging words on some recent movies: "I am not sure if the film itself is a success because I am not sure what it is trying to do" (*I Love You to*

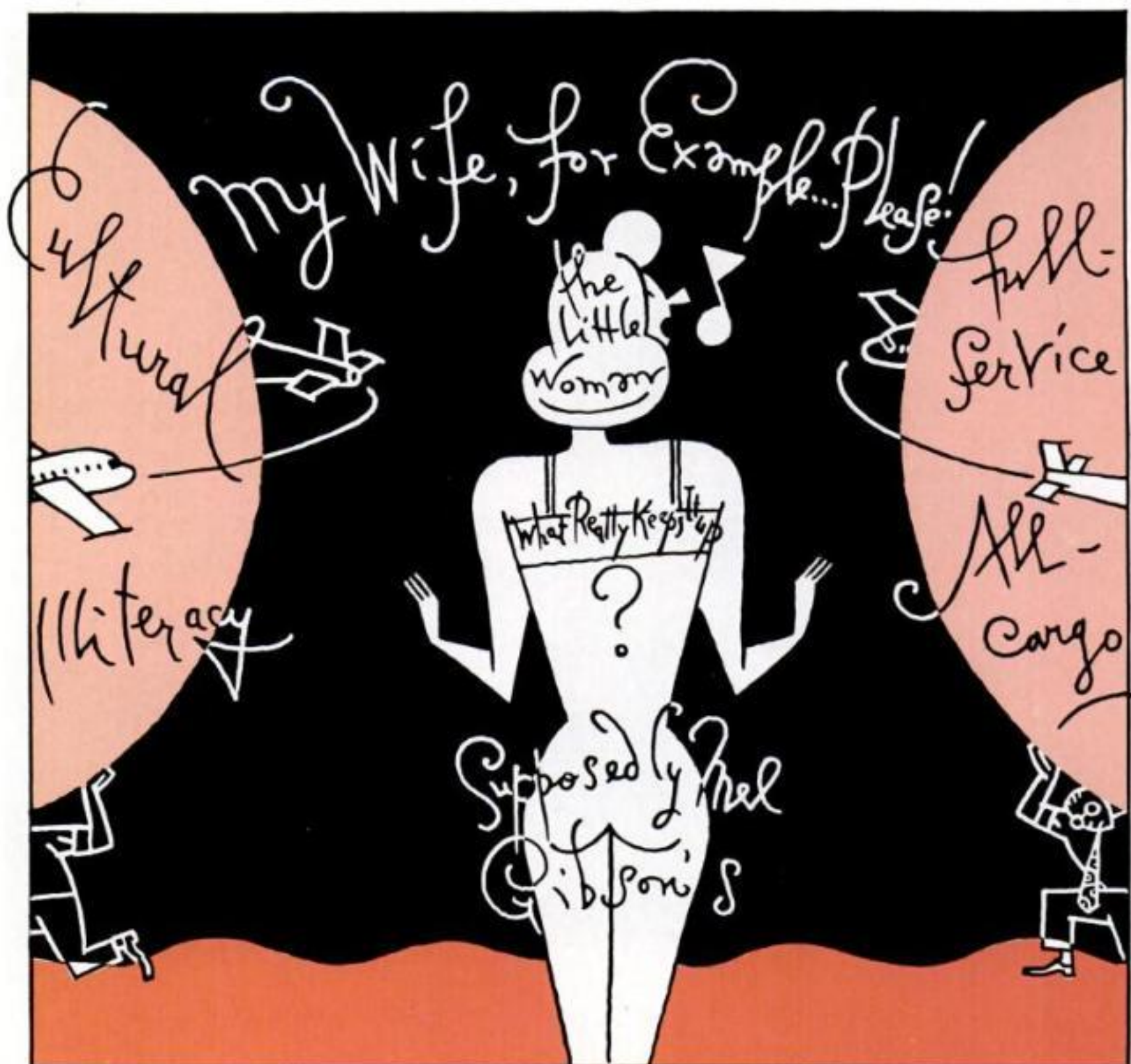


ILLUSTRATION BY STEVEN GUARNACCIA

Death). "I still didn't care about the outcome of the movie" (*Revenge*). "By the end of the movie I was happy to have it close as it does" (*Pretty Woman*). "I wasn't exactly on the edge of my seat waiting to see how it would turn out" (*The White Girl*). "I did not walk into the screening with a light step and a heart that sang. For that matter, I did not walk out afterward with my spirits renewed" (*Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles*).

See Roger go to the screening. See Roger pick up his crayon. See Roger equivocate.

The New Yorker's estimable Mimi Kramer, on the other hand, tells us how her friends react. She's generous too—she modestly gives them all the best lines: "A friend of mine who saw the original, 1959 production of *Gypsy* has suggested that when Ethel Merman came down the aisle bellowing, 'Sing out, Louise!' she instantaneously invented the concept of Broadway camp." "A friend of mine who saw *Aspects of Love* in London has suggested that Garnett's novel offers the perfect source material for Andrew Lloyd Webber—that a collaboration between the great schlock composer and this minor member of the Bloomsbury set represents a match made in Heaven." "[*Imagining Brad*] made my two companions...so angry they wanted to burn down the theatre. (The play, they said, changed their perception of nothing except government subsidy of the arts.)" "[At a revival of *The Sound of Music*] I closed my eyes, put my head on my companion's shoulder, and said, 'Wake me up when this song is over, would you please?' She whispered back, 'What if I can't?'" "The friend who came with me to see *Square One* says she likes Dianne Wiest because Dianne Wiest looks like a real person."

This is known as the seven-or-eight-on-the-aisle school of criticism.

Noted man of letters James Atlas, now an editor at *The New York Times Magazine*, has published *The Book Wars: What It Takes to Be Educated in America*. It's a curiously slim volume, under 100 pages, and it would be slimmer still if not for the 18 pages of four-color Federal Express advertising sprinkled throughout. That's right: it's a *Whittle* book. And it's filled with wonderful, horrifying ironies. A chapter on "Cultural Illiteracy" begins with an ad promoting Federal Express's "full-service all-cargo airline." Another

weird juxtaposition of pages gives us, on the right-hand side, "Innovations in the curriculum have politicized the humanities....Proliferation of courses in third-world literature, of deconstructionism and feminist criticism, represents...an ideologically motivated assault on the intellectual and moral substance of our culture," and on the left-hand side, "When you send your package Federal Express—domestic or international—we take care of your shipment every step of the way." That's at the beginning of a chapter called "The Decline of Literary Criticism."

Actually, it's a great idea—even if you come away from Atlas's book still undecided about whether Milton should be required reading in college, at least you'll remember that Federal Express's 14,000 overseas couriers can provide on-time delivery practically anywhere in the world.

The rating note at the end of Caryn James's review of *Bird on a Wire* in the *Times* was odd: "There is some violence and a glimpse of a naked behind that is supposedly Mel Gibson's; the editing suggests it's a body double." The *Times*—or James—sounds bitter, no? And what could Janet Maslin, another good critic, possibly have been thinking when she wrote that Gary Oldman's performance as an unhinged war hero in *Chattahoochee* "may be deeper and more gripping than the real man or his real story"? Hold on—Oldman is *acting*!

Finally, hats off to whoever was behind that *Esquire* parody that turned up in my mailbox last spring. The decision to publish it as if it were the actual June issue of *Esquire*—names of real *Esquire* staff, familiar suffocating scent, no PARODY disclaimer in evidence—was a clever touch, though it unfortunately conceals the identities of some very funny satirists.

The cover sets the tone: THE SECRET LIFE OF THE AMERICAN WIFE, it reads, over a composite photo of a model divided into parts—the professional, the housewife and so on. The labels are priceless: "HER LIPS: Can you trust what they say?...HER BRA: What *really* keeps it up?...HER PLUMBING: How much should you know?" Inside are stories such as "The 100 Best Wives of All Time" and "The Twelve Virtues of the Perfect Wife," and a page-long list of all the ways We Men refer to Her ("the little woman...*mi esposa*...pudding...cupcake...the missus...squaw...fire of my

loins"). It's funny but a little unfair, because *Esquire* isn't *really* this bad, is it?

Especially hilarious is "Your Wife: An Owner's Manual," which includes explanations of the contents of her handbag and of how her bra works, a multiple-choice quiz about her medicine chest, a diagram on her "plumbing" and a section called "Her Ablutions: Why Do They Take So Long?" As satire, the feature "The Last Housewife in America" could have coasted on its title alone, but the "author" takes the trouble to sustain it with gooeey, neo-Hemingway, *Esquire*-like prose: "She clears the breakfast dishes. She reaches for the vacuum. She reaches for the dustcloth. She reaches for the laundry. There is a smile on her face, and soon she begins to whistle."

The parody's attention to detail is impressive. The Man at His Best section includes an appropriately predictable article on hairpieces ("Today more than a million American men wear toupees..."). Whoever wrote the Pete Hamill column captured Hamill's tough, overdramatic prose perfectly ("On this day, murder drew me up to the hills. I pulled a rented car onto a sunbaked shoulder of the road and sat, thinking about a man named Jose Enrique Menendez and his wife, Kitty"). And the editor's letter manages to out-Lee Eisenberg Lee Eisenberg, not an easy thing to do: "She is there when a man wakes up and she is there when he goes to sleep....She is the overwhelming source of joy, inspiration, solace, guilt, passion, frustration, and balance in his life..." Then "Eisenberg" reveals, at interminable length, the results of yet another survey (this time male and female views on marriage) before concluding with the requisite "I'm proud to report" boast about *Esquire's* most recent slew of nominations for National Magazine Awards. Beautiful.

As much as it demonstrates that the art of parody is not dead, the *Esquire* effort fails in some ways. It's a little broad. At times it seems dated—smirky in the manner of, say, Playboy's Party Jokes. And one photo feature, on Georgette Mosbacher, Gayfryd Steinberg and Carolyn Roehm, is utterly out of character: sharp, witty and devastating in a way the real *Esquire* hasn't been in a decade or more. But these are minor quibbles. The parody is fun, a lot more fun than *Esquire* itself. ☞

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FOOLED

ON THE HILL

*How some die-hard Cold Warriors
and a Belgian con artist tried to
change U.S. policy in Africa*



BY DAVID ARONSON AND DAVID KAMP

Judging from the scene in the stands, we could have been watching a brawl from the Turin-Liverpool match in the 1985

Cup of Champions, or a tilt-screen sequence from

POLITICS the old *Batman* series, or almost anything *except* a group of foreign dignitar-

ies attending the inauguration last spring of the president of a new nation. But that's what it was. On the playing field, with grace and dignity, Sam Nujoma, leader of the South-West Africa People's Organization (SWAPO), was being sworn in as independent Namibia's first president. But up in the reviewing stand, elbows were flying like mad. One witness saw Angola's president, José Eduardo dos Santos, "pummeling somebody else's security guard," and James Baker, the U.S. secretary of State, eluding a haymaker coming from the direction of the president of Zaire. The Namibians, not yet accustomed to this ceremony, had not provided enough seats in their stadium to accommodate both the visiting dignitaries and their bodyguards; a mad scramble for space quickly devolved into an every-VIP-for-himself melee.

Baker avoided damage; had Senator Jesse Helms been in Baker's shoes, the escape might not have been so complete. Four months earlier Helms and his right-wing allies had managed to put the United States in the position of disapproving of Namibian independence by sneaking a rider to a budget bill through

Congress. The rider authorized the president to halt U.S. funding for a United Nations team, called UNTAG, that was overseeing Namibia's peaceful, carefully negotiated secession from South Africa. As we shall see, the basis of Helms's legislative gambit was bogus, a fabrication that might have been revealed had Congress administered some rudimentary tests before enacting the bill into law. But no tests were administered, and four months later Jim Baker was in Windhoek, bobbing and weaving, trying to convey the message *Hey, Namibia — nothing personal*.

Helms, like most of Capitol Hill's extreme conservatives, never wanted an independent Namibia, a country whose dominant party (SWAPO) is aligned with Moscow. Neither do Helms and his ilk hold much affection for Namibia's friendly neighbor, Angola, whose Marxist government is backed by Cuba and is fighting a civil war against Jonas Savimbi's U.S.-supported UNITA (National Union for the Total Independence of Angola) guerrillas. In December 1988, Angola, Cuba and South Africa signed an agreement in which Cuba promised to withdraw its troops from Angola by mid-1991 and South Africa agreed to allow Namibia's independence. This deal was not universally approved; Duncan Sellars, chairman of the conservative International Freedom Foundation (IFF) in Washington, says that after the agreement was signed, right-wingers thought of it as "a sellout of [South Africa-controlled] Namibia and a sellout of UNITA."

Helms and a platoon of right-wing operatives (the lobbyists at Black, Manafort, Stone & Kelly, who represent UNITA, and the think-tankers at the Heritage Foundation and the IFF) coalesced around a piece of legislation — the rider to the budget bill — that would have given President Bush an excuse for withholding Washington's funding for the UN team in Namibia if any evidence was found that the Cubans were using chemical weapons to support their Marxist pals in Angola. In other words, the bill said that if the Commies misbehaved in Angola, we wouldn't help pay for Namibia's transition to independence.

The idea for the bill was born during a trip taken to Angola in March 1989 by Michael Johns, the Heritage Foundation's policy analyst for African affairs.

There he met Andries Holst, a West German who claimed to be filming a documentary about Cuba's use of chemical weapons in Angola. Johns brought Holst to Washington, where the German filmmaker was introduced to Helms, State Department officials, lobbyists and other conservatives likely to be moved by his footage, which purported to show the horrors of chemical warfare.

For whatever reason, Holst did not impress, and Helms's bill foundered. To salvage the effort, the IFF's Duncan Sellars refocused attention on a scientific report Holst had commissioned from Aubin Heyndrickx, a toxicologist from the University of Ghent in Belgium, which substantiated Holst's claims. In July, Sellars brought Heyndrickx to Washington to tour the same conservative network Holst had earlier traveled. The difference: *Heyndrickx's opinions carried the heft and credibility of science.*

While Heyndrickx held forth, Helms rallied his allies on the Senate Foreign Relations Committee to lash the rider to a vital appropriations bill and Black, Manafort's lobbyists hit the Hill. And son of a gun, with the boost Heyndrickx provided, the plan worked: on November 21, George Bush put his signature on a bill containing the Cuban-chemical-warfare provision.

But what might look like a model of parliamentary maneuvering is more likely an instance of ultraconservative fraud. For as it turns out, Holst is an impostor with no serious journalistic or filmmaking credentials, and Heyndrickx, on whose reports the rider was entirely predicated, is a publicity-seeking showboat. Heyndrickx has visited war zones around the world—Cambodia, Afghanistan, Iran—in search of evidence of chemical warfare and has tended to find it or not find it depending on who was supplying his funding. He once argued that one of his clients, the Iranian Army, had not used chemical weapons against the Iraqis because “the gases are not in the Koran.”

Heyndrickx's examination of Holst's bomb fragments and environmental samples showed that chemical weapons were used. Other chemical-weapons experts—one is tempted to say *real* chemical-weapons experts—disagree. Finland's Marjatta Rautio, who is perhaps the world's preeminent expert in

this field, examined Heyndrickx's data and reports. “I don't see the connection between the results and the conclusions,” she says. Julian Perry Robinson, senior researcher at the University of Sussex, doubts Heyndrickx's descriptions of the victims' medical conditions. And André De Leenheer, Heyndrickx's overseer at Ghent, is frankly contemptuous. “I've been studying everything in detail that has been written,” De Leenheer says of Heyndrickx's findings. “It's a real joke.” De Leenheer says he would kick out any student who handed in a similar report.

Heyndrickx does have a champion or two in the scientific community, including Dr. Clair Paley, a British toxicology expert. And according to Duncan Sellars, “The Soviets said his clinical analysis was incredibly accurate. . . . But it's not a result of a chemical bomb per se; it's a firebomb.” As it turns out, Sellars's source for what the Soviets said about Heyndrickx is—*Heyndrickx!* But curiously, an account of the meeting between Heyndrickx and the Soviet scientists that appeared in *Tass* indicates that it was not

I've been studying

everything in detail,”

De Leenheer says of Heyndrickx's findings. “It's a real joke”

Soviet scientists but—yes!—*Heyndrickx* himself who suggested that the residue came from a firebomb.

The question arises, how were Washington's conservatives so sure that Heyndrickx's work was scientifically sound? Riva Levinson, one of Black, Manafort's people on the UNITA account, says she cannot personally vouch for the Heyndrickx report. “All I can tell you,” she says, “is that I am not a technical expert on this issue and that other people are, whom I listen to.” She referred us to Margaret Calhoun, a freelance lobbyist who worked for Black, Manafort and UNITA on the

Hill last summer. Calhoun shares Levinson's ignorance of science (“When you talk about chemical formulas, my eyes glaze over”) but says that she checked Heyndrickx out. “Duncan's probably more of a technical expert in this,” she says. “You should talk to Duncan.”

We did. Sellars told us he had hired no one to check out Heyndrickx's bomb-site samples but Heyndrickx himself had sent them to the State Department and other agencies. Helms's aides at the Senate Foreign Relations Committee say that they too relied on the State Department's analysis of Heyndrickx's findings. So we asked the State Department whether it could vouch for the report. Gary Crocker, a State Department intelligence officer with expertise in chemical warfare, indicated that the department's tests for evidence of chemical contamination in Heyndrickx's samples were negative. In other words, this significant piece of legislation was passed with no credible substantiation whatsoever.

Like the lobbyists, UNITA can't really say how or whether it confirmed Heyndrickx's findings. Helder Mondabe, UNITA's man in Washington, told us he had visited a “university of chemical warfare” in Switzerland to discuss Heyndrickx's work, but he could not remember the name or location of the university. We called the military attaché to the Swiss embassy in Paris for help; he said that no such university exists, that no such studies are undertaken at any of the Swiss universities. When we called Mondabe a week later to see whether he'd remembered the name of the university, he said no, he still didn't remember, and *Hey, do you guys really have to mention the Swiss university in your article?*

Duncan Sellars remains unfazed by his star witness's impeached authority. “The questions raised have been arguments attempting to attack his personal credibility,” he says stalwartly. Fortunately, the State Department has wised up. Is Heyndrickx a charlatan? “I have no doubt about that,” says Gary Crocker. “That's for sure.” But a year ago the findings of an easily debunked professor were regarded as gospel by gullible policymakers, a mistake that could be rectified only by dispatching Jim Baker to Windhoek, just to show the Namibians that we were sorry we had been such soreheads about their independence. **D**

UN-BRITISH CROSSWORD ANSWERS

ACROSS

1. As far as I know, no one gets up much sympathy for windshield kills. Certainly not anyone who has ever caught a beetle in the mouth at high speed. Can we justify the highway slaughter of insects, then, on the grounds of self-defense? It is not as though we could, if we chose, hurtle along dashing the brains out of tiny flying vegetables instead. And it is hard to imagine how a humane windshield would work. (A friend of mine who used a Havahart trap to catch woodchucks eating his garden says the catch comes when you open the trap alongside some peaceful country lane and release the captive. Instead of scampering off gratefully into a new life, the woodchuck tends to give you as many nasty bites as possible while chasing you back to your car. As indeed would any American of spirit, in the woodchuck's place. To bugs, however, or to creatures who depend on bugs for nourishment, an automobile must seem highly insensitive at best. All we want, of course, is not to have to deal with individually fascinating members of the insect kingdom—creatures, I needn't mention, with perfect little faces—who are just trying to go about their business when all of a sudden here we come *whooshing* down the pike belching fumes and laying waste to all before us. Some friends of mine in college were tooting along blithely toward Daytona once when a gorged buzzard came through their windshield. It made them realize how one-sided this mode of interface with nature usually is.

9. *Limb* and *lap* rearranged ("dance").

17. *Dog-do* and *o'er* rearranged ("toss"). Incidentally, if you're thinking of taking in that movie *The Cook, the Thief, His Wife and Her Lover* because you read that the opening scene involves the smearing of someone with dog-do, don't. The movie gets less life-enhancing after that. My feeling is that Peter Greenaway, the director, was a veal calf or a windshield-impacted bug or a vivisected dog in his previous life, which left him with a bad taste in his mouth for humanity. But no, he needs a better excuse than that.

18. The even pigs are the one who stayed home and the one who had none. Porky is odd, for a pig, because he wears clothes above the waist, has a waist and stutters.

24. What do you get when you cross Lassie with a pit bull? A dog that will chew your face off and run for help.

26. Let's give this a reprise and think it over:

The hen just squawks when she's trying to pray. It Would give us pause if she knew how to say it.

Okay, it's anthropomorphic. But maybe if you asked a chicken whether it was anthropomorphic, and the chicken could somehow get the drift of your question, the chicken would say, "No, it's not! It's not! BWAK! BWAK! It's simpatico! BWAAK! It's moving!"

DOWN

1. These clues are getting too easy. A chicken, with some training, could have figured this one out. If you have traveled at all widely in this country, you have seen chickens in cages who dance or sell postcards or play basketball. A quarter dropped into the slot beside the cage makes a noise that notifies the chicken that if she hops up on a turntable and shuffles (what she is doing is scratching instinctively—I'm told you can't train a chicken not to scratch around when she is anticipating food), or pulls a postcard-dispensing lever with her beak, or pecks at a Ping-Pong ball so that it flies toward a hoop, she will automatically get some corn. If the American people can be conditioned to vote for Ronald Reagan, George Bush and Dan Quayle, then I don't see why a chicken couldn't be conditioned to work a crossword puzzle.

2. *AP* ("wire service") plus *pending*.

3. *Bra* plus *VA*. The feminine of *bravo*.

4. *Gam* plus *bit*.

6. *Coal* ("fossil fuel") plus *e* (for *energy*) plus *sced* (the abbreviation for *December's backward*—"coming up").

8. *It's oats* rearranged ("somehow").

17. *Études* rearranged ("sort of") about *A*, which is the top grade in school, if not in municipal bonds.

22. *Towards* ("in the direction of") without *WR*. In *The Devil's Dictionary* Ambrose Bierce defined *edible* as "good to eat, and wholesome to digest, as a worm to a toad, a toad to a snake, a snake to a pig, a pig to a man, and a man to a worm." I still like barbecue. ☺

D	E	A	D	B	U	G		C	O	C	O	N	U	T
I		P		R		A		H		O		E		A
L	I	P	B	A	L	M		A	R	A	P	A	H	O
E		E		V		B		R		L		R		I
M	A	N	E	A	T	I	N	G	B	E	A	S	T	S
M		D				T		E		S				T
A	N	I	M	A	L		C	R	A	C	K	E	R	S
			N		M		D		S		E		X	
D	O	G	O	O	D	E	R		O	D	D	P	I	G
U					R		E		B			L		A
E	A	T	Y	O	U	R	B	R	O	C	C	O	L	I
E		O		U		M		I		R		S		N
A	L	A	S	S	I	E		L	E	O	N	I	N	E
S		D		L		A		L		P		V		R
T	O	S	A	Y	I	T		O	Y	S	T	E	R	S

LEGAL

BEAGLES

*Jacoby & Meyers gets just about all
the respect it deserves*

BY ROBYN KELLEY

The white-shoe firms in any profession tend to have little regard for the arrivistes who find opportunity and then fortune in

those dim, unglamorous corners in which the old pros can't bring themselves to labor. Mike Milken, for example, earned the dis-

dain of Wall Street's staid investment bankers less for the felonies he committed than for lending money to companies the big firms thought unworthy of credit and for coming up with an innovative way to raise capital. In the legal profession, the scorned newcomers are the fast-food law firm of Jacoby & Meyers.

Though innumerable law firms have taken advantage of the 1977 Supreme Court decision that opened the door for lawyers to advertise on television—one gets the impression that half the UHF stations in America would go broke if they could no longer run commercials for schools that teach people how to drive tractor-trailers and for attorneys interested in profiting from that ugly case of whiplash you've got—none has been more assiduous in inflicting itself on the consciousness of the nation than Jacoby & Meyers. And it will come as no surprise that the firm's amateurish commercials are a fitting vehicle for the nutty, uncorporate behavior of its cofounders.

Founded in 1972 by two young UCLA law graduates, Len Jacoby and Steve Meyers, the firm aimed to provide quick, inexpensive legal advice for what the two partners considered their "legal niche"—the supposedly unrepresented middle

class. Although the firm has been successful in this mission to the extent that it handled some 175,000 clients and did \$42 million of business last year, earning most of it from divorcing spouses, drunk drivers and other clients with routine problems, its name has become a punch line, not merely within the legal community but for stand-up comics as well.

Born of the same commercial impulse that has given us H&R Block tax advisers from coast to coast—that is, *America: Let a modestly competent professional handle your modestly difficult problem for a modest fee*—Jacoby & Meyers has not attained Block's image of stodgy respectability and dependability. One reason may be the advertisements themselves. While the avuncular Henry Bloch can look you in the eye, offer a common-sense tax tip and promise that if he screws up, he'll pay the penalty, the prospect of a Jacoby & Meyers smoothy accompanying you through a divorce or arraignment is likely to induce cringing.

Of course, another reason Jacoby & Meyers hasn't quite attained legitimacy

When it comes to flirting, Meyers, who is married, is a hands-on practitioner. "Very touchie-feelie," says one ex-employee

inside the legal community has to do with the fact that neither of the firm's owners has practiced law in years and they conduct themselves in a manner reminiscent of a wacky Fox Network sitcom. *When Len and Steve open up their own law firm... watch the high jinks begin!*

Meet Steve... From his office in Jacoby & Meyers's East Coast headquarters in midtown Manhattan, Steve Meyers oversees financial strategy, at least when he's not regaling female employees with a libidinal playfulness that belies his appearance, which is that of a paunchy, middle-

aged accountant. According to these women, when it comes to flirting, Meyers, who is married, is a hands-on practitioner. "Very touchie-feelie. His hands tend to stray," says one ex-employee. "Not that I want him touching me at all," she adds. The particular method with which Meyers tries to endear himself to his female employees depends upon their status—a higher-up might get asked out for after-work drinks, while a mere secretary merits having her neck rubbed.

Meyers's passion for women is equaled by his need for chewing gum. "He used to be a three-ashtray-a-day smoker, but now he chews golf-ball-size pieces of gum instead," says one employee. "As the day progresses, the wad gets bigger and bigger until he can barely close his mouth." In fact, Meyers's chomping became so aggressive in the fall of 1988 that he actually dislocated his jaw and had to take time off from work to recuperate.

But he isn't so compulsive that he can't stop chewing occasionally. Once, while dining at Le Cirque, Meyers, with all the grace of a four-year-old, took the gum from his mouth and — *thwunk* — plopped the well-masticated wad onto his Limogesware bread plate. Later, after mopping up the last of his Mornay sauce, he popped the gum back into his mouth and resumed chewing.

You'll like Len... While Meyers graces the planet with flashes of his Coward-like urbanity, Jacoby takes care of the creative end of the business—producing and directing the firm's ads—back in Los Angeles. What does he do there? In the firm's press release, Jacoby describes a typical day: "Show biz can be a heady experience. But don't let it fool you. Behind the bright lights and Hollywood parties lies a down-and-dirty, roll-up-your-sleeves, burn-the-midnight-oil kind of life. Up at the crack of dawn; lights, camera, action. Another day, another shoot. Rewrite, makeup, do lunch, take a meeting, take 2, take 20, it's a wrap." *On with the show, this is it!*

Like Meyers, Jacoby cares about the firm's image. Recently he heard that "Jacoby N. Meyers" had become the name of a character in a porno movie, *Candy's Little Sister, Sugar*. "Get me that sex video!" he screamed to his publicist in New York from his car phone somewhere on a Los Angeles freeway. The publicist, whose experience included running Mr. Potato



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- Page 68:** Marina Garnier (right Guest, both Hays); Ron Galella, Ltd. (left Guest); Stephen P. Allen/Gamma Liaison (left Luft); Albert Ferreira/DML (right Luft); Patrick McMullan (Heatherton); Laura Luongo/Peter C. Borsari (Carr); Allen courtesy of Nikki Haskell.
- Page 78-79:** Patrick McMullan (Hernandez, Derr, Brenner); Randy Bauer/Ron Galella, Ltd. (Trump siblings); Kelly Jordan/Ron Galella, Ltd. (Dr. Ruth, Cassini); Rose Hartman (Coleman); Ron Galella, Ltd. (Robert Trump, Perelman).

Head for mayor of Boise, tracked down a copy of the film. Was Jacoby concerned that *Candy's Little Sister, Sugar* might offer a negative portrayal of the firm? Was Jacoby considering filing suit against the producers? No, says one associate. "Len just wanted to watch it. He was thrilled." Jacoby flew into New York, whereupon he, Meyers and comparatively invisible partner Gail Koff cleared time from a busy round of meetings in order to anxiously screen the video. Both Jacoby and Meyers later ordered personal keepsake copies.

Meet their little wom—oops!—their invisible partner, Gail.... Although Meyers and Jacoby like to think of themselves as facing life with, as one source puts it, a "Jerry Rubin-esque attitude"—a vague statement that in practice means partner Gail Koff can nurse her baby at board meetings—their progressivism does not extend to putting her name on the shingle. (To be fair, Jacoby *did* once suggest using an amalgam of the three partners' names—Jack-Me-Off and Associates—but he was voted down.)

Koff is a ruffled woman who wears her grey hair in long, Earth Motherly

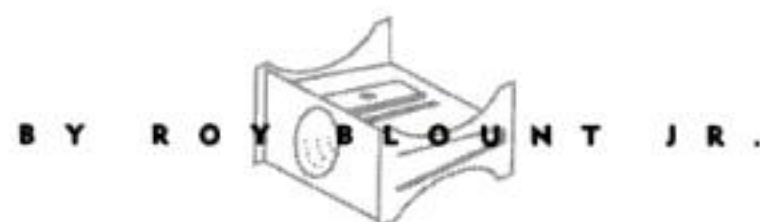
fashion. This has not kept her from functioning as the firm's spokesperson and appearing occasionally on the morning shows to discuss her book *Love and the Law* or her experience as a working mom in a commuter marriage. But what Koff really likes to talk about is her cherished prenuptial agreement—except, that is, for the part that describes their sexual relationship.

Another of Koff's duties is to cohost a radio show with Meyers on WFAS in suburban Westchester County. On one memorable broadcast about legal aspects of rape, they discussed sodomy. The two attorneys found this topic infinitely amusing and nattered on about the term's literal definition. "They were like a couple of teenagers looking at dirty pictures," says a colleague. "They were almost thrown off the air." After the show an angry program director gave the two a stern lecture and warned them to shape up. Still, that warning has not pressured Meyers and Koff into preparing carefully for the program. As Koff told the not exactly reassured program director, "We'll just wing it"—a phrase that Henry Bloch is unlikely to have uttered in his life. ▶

FACING UP TO

ANIMALS

*Are we aware of everything
we're biting into?*



BY ROY BLOUNT JR.

"Animal-rights people may be going too far," George Bush said recently. "One protester down in Beeville [Texas] when we

went quail hunting last year had bright-orange hair. She drove up in a big Mercedes with leather seats."

Well, I don't know what Bush drove up in (though I'll bet that woman knows what he can do with himself and it), but he must know that some hunters evidently feel entitled to shoot anything that isn't bright orange, so the only alternative to bright-orange hair around hunters is bright-orange clothing, which would have made even Natty Bumppo look like a dufus, and won't wash out.

All of which leaves a great deal to be said about just what animals are entitled to.

Recently I spoke with an animal-rights activist in Paducah, Kentucky, who cited a remark by Paul McCartney to the effect that he, McCartney, would never eat anything that ever had a face as one that has radicalized many people on this issue. Certainly that remark gives us something to think about while stuffing our own faces with, say, hamburgers.

It is my own feeling—and I believe anyone who has spent as much as a day or two around cattle will agree—that of all the faces in creation, a cow's is one of the least aspiring-looking or even *registering*-looking faces you're ever likely to try to elicit any signs of attentiveness from.

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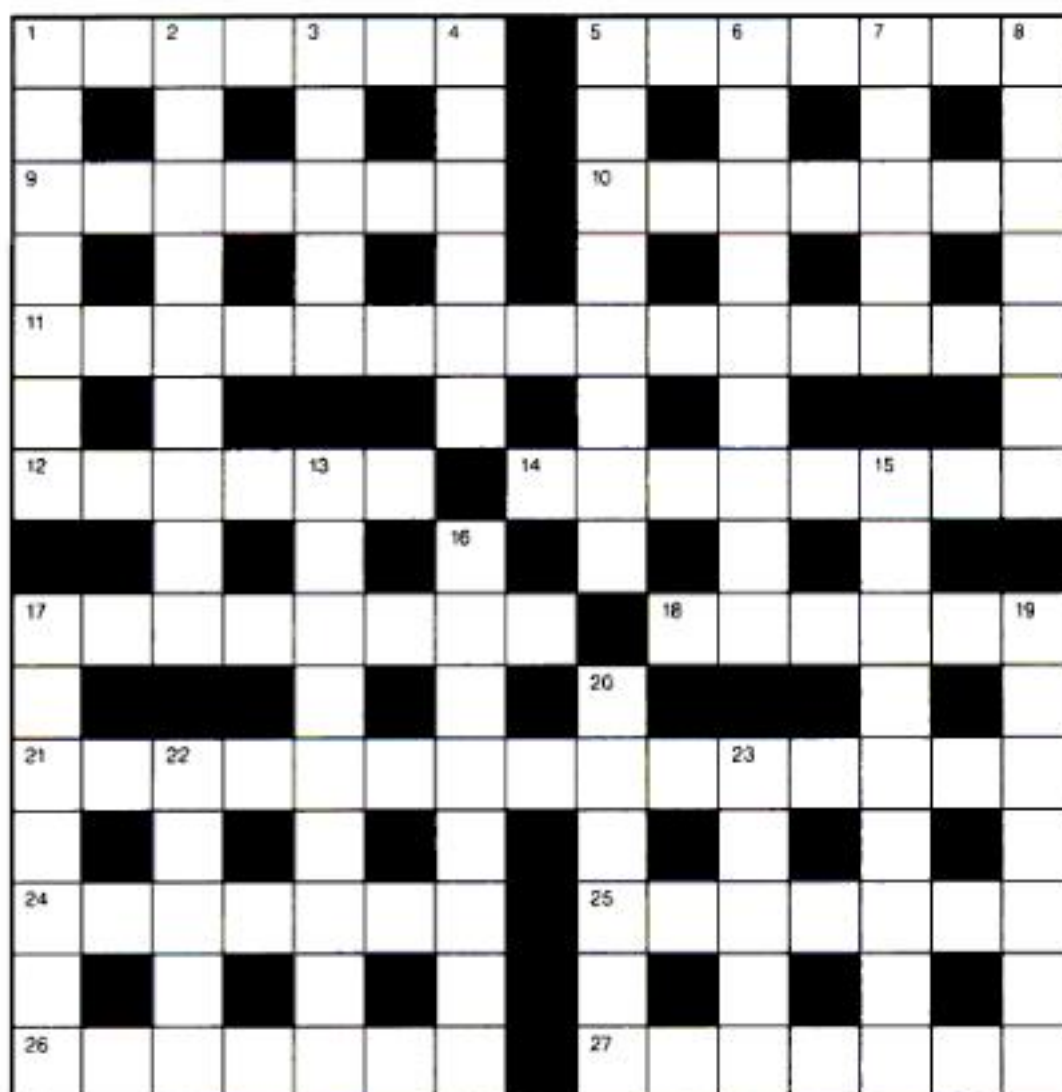
(I don't have space here to explore the whole matter of bovine flatulence, which adds a considerable amount of greenhouse-effect-inducing methane to the air but may well provide a cow with a great deal of its pleasure in life.) But then people like me, who've spent as much as a day or two around cattle—especially what are known tendentiously as “beef cattle”—are likely to be biased.

I have two other biases, myself. One is that I was raised by a mother who felt sorry for everything (“Oh, look at that little rock over there, all by itself”). Not only does my family bristle at the idea of hurting domestic animals, we feel bad about leaving off petting them before they're wholly satisfied. You could pet any animal I've ever lived with (chickens aside—and even they had names) until the cows came home, and it would still look put out when you stopped—even if, in the case of a cat I could mention, you stopped because the animal had bit you.



My other bias is that I, like every animal I've ever lived with except my former horse Ollie, like meat. Don't eat as much as I used to, but out of consideration for my insides, not for animals' faces.

Once, I toured a chicken-processing plant. Since I started at the end and went backward, it appeared to be a chicken-assembly plant. I tried to give sufficient weight to the plight of the chickens, but what struck me more forcefully was the plight of the people working on the line.



One flicked a bit of chicken guts on me as we passed, and I could see her point.

It's an evasive and highly unoriginal criticism of the animal-rights movement that there are still plenty of more pressing human-rights issues, but it's worth mentioning that *Southern Exposure* won a 1990 National Magazine Award for a story by Barbara Goldoftas on broiler-chicken-industry employees. “Job titles,” she wrote, “sound borrowed from Doctor Seuss: gut drawers, liver pullers, gizzard cutters, skin rollers, thigh-bone poppers, lung gunners....Some say they repeat their tasks as often as 90 times a minute, 40,000 times a day.”

Goldoftas says about half the brand-name chickens we buy are contaminated with salmonella, because of the pace at which the disassemblers, paid around \$5.35 an hour, must operate. Perhaps this is one more reason not to eat meat. However, people presumably take chicken-processing jobs because no better ones are available. I'd rather be a person who told these workers, “We're improving the chicken handlers' lot,” than one who told them, “We're eliminating it.”

At any rate, there is more than one face involved in every animal we eat. So far I am willing to eat them anyway. (Most chickens and cows are alive only because they are eventually to be eaten.) But it hasn't been long since most chickens were free-range, and each was an individual problem to dispatch, and presidents faced up to larger matters than protesters' styles and their own right to shoot birds and not eat broccoli.

ACROSS

1. Old VW that won't go has spot on the windshield. (4,3)

5. Head grows on palm. (7)

9. Dance of limb and lap—it soothes chaps. (3,4)

10. A line of talk and a short laugh for a Native American tribe. (7)

11. Overfamiliar tigers, or just a guy downing 27? (3-6,6)

12. With 14, Marxist production of bestial snacks. (6,8)

17. Toss dog-doo over well-meaning type. (2-6)

18. The one who went to the market, or the one who had roast beef, or the one who went wee-wee-wee...or, let's face it, Porky. (3,3)

21. What the president's mom said—but he prefers that pigs die to sate his appetite. (3,4,8)

24. “When a laddie meets _____.” (1,6)

25. Lionlike Durocher leads baseball team. (7)

26. The hen just squawks when she's trying to pray. It/Would give us pause if she knew how _____ (2,3,2)

27. Bivalves chew up Roy and Tess. (7)

DOWN

1. Flip lid over Emma? Tough choice. (7)

2. Wire service, while awaiting, adding on. (9)

3. Underwear, Virginia, for tribute to diva? (5)

4. Ploy gets leg chomped. (6)

5. Horses or people with cards? (8)

6. United fossil-fuel energy? December's coming up. (9)

7. Approaches northern listeners. (5)

8. It's oats, somehow, for these believers. (7)

13. Seductively loose morals? You? (9)

15. Crazy ex-P.I. loves dynamite, for instance. (9)

16. Drunkenly, Red & me overeat venison. (4,4)

17. Sort of études about top-grade Oriental? Precisely. (3,4)

19. Those who profit from dives. (7)

20. Brother goes around sick with pot scrubber. (6)

22. Without wide receiver, in the direction of reptiles. (5)

23. Trims digestive organs of fowl. (5)

Answers appear on page 74.



At the White House Correspondents' dinner, *Time* magazine guest and Trump toy Marla Maples demonstrates her extraordinary range of emotion in conversation with date Jack McDonald, a *Washington Post* photographer, and her business manager.

Having handed his luggage off to an inconspicuous blond decoy, and wearing dark glasses and reasonably presentable clothes as a disguise, *New York Post* editor Jerry Nachman manages to check in at the Washington Hilton without being mobbed as he prepares to attend the Correspondents' dinner. Later that evening, Nachman faces the crowds sans shades and enjoys the adulation of many important American policymakers, among them Guardian Angels Curtis and Lisa Sliwa.



At Rick Newman's New York, successful comedian David Brenner apparently tries to convince a skeptical blond that not-all-that-successful comedian Richard Belzer really is a nice guy and that she really should consider going out with him.



HOT-BLOODED Keith Hernandez at Red Zone,



the moment before his eyes started spinning in their sockets



SYLVIA MILES OF THE TWENTY-FIRST CENTURY?

At a movie premiere, actress-survivor-lalapalooza Sally Kirkland baffles onlookers and photographers with her full-length, live-action mug shot.



LOVE HANDLES A new haut monde greeting ritual? A one-handed Heimlich? A polite way to tell someone he's as wise as Buddha? Really, *really* safe sex? Prominent New Yorkers have been observed lately holding other people's bellies—people such as multimedia self-help adviser Nancy Friday (with her husband, *Wall Street Journal* managing editor Norman Pearlstine) and working wife Carolyn Roehm (with socialite war criminal Henry Kissinger). Of course, as with all up-to-the-minute phenomena, leave it to Liz Smith to get it wrong and hold her *own* belly.



Perhaps Imelda Marcos got the idea from her codefendant Adnan Khashoggi, the alleged cover-up man and fake regular guy who rides to the courthouse on the Lexington Avenue IRT; or maybe it's just the endurance, through thick and thin, of her seventies-disco-queen sensibility—but the Filipino ex-dragon

lady, along with her Village People-style attorney, Gerry Spence, likes to be dropped off at court in a wicked-cool black van.



THEIR BROTHERS' KEEPERS

At a Random House book party at the Metropolitan Club, Anglophile publishing tycoon S. I. Newhouse Jr. endures the pesky chit-chat of his unglamorous brother Donald. At the supertasteful Taj Mahal hotel and casino, Trump siblings Robert and Judge Maryanne Trump silently put up with the trademark "Who invited them?" jokesmanship of their brother Donald.



and smoke poured from his ears.



PUBLICITY DISPLAYS OF AFFECTION Despite its inarguable public-relations value, kissing for the camera is a risky proposition; it's difficult to do without looking disfigured (see **1**, sex munchkin Dr. Ruth) or apelike (see **2**, faux-Kennedy Arnold Schwarzenegger aiming his mouth at Neil Sedaka look-alike Ronald Perelman). But it's tricky not just for the kisser; the reluctant kissees must try to remain composed, staring cordially at the camera as if clammy lips were not pressing against his or her head (see **3**, virtuous grande dame Kitty Carlisle Hart with Liz Smith Tote Board regular Cy Coleman, and **4**, retro-chic-swimwear designer Oleg Cassini with former Rat Pack moll Pat Kennedy Lawford). Avoid at all costs, though, the impulse to keep smiling while being kissed (see **5**, Carolyn Roehm with real designer Oscar de la Renta, and **6**, Laura Dern with a sharp-toothed fan), which can result in the need for expensive and painful dental work. And whatever you do, no matter how repugnant the public kiss, do *not* attempt to wipe it off while photographers are present (see **7**, Robert Trump, evidently reeling from a brotherly smooch).

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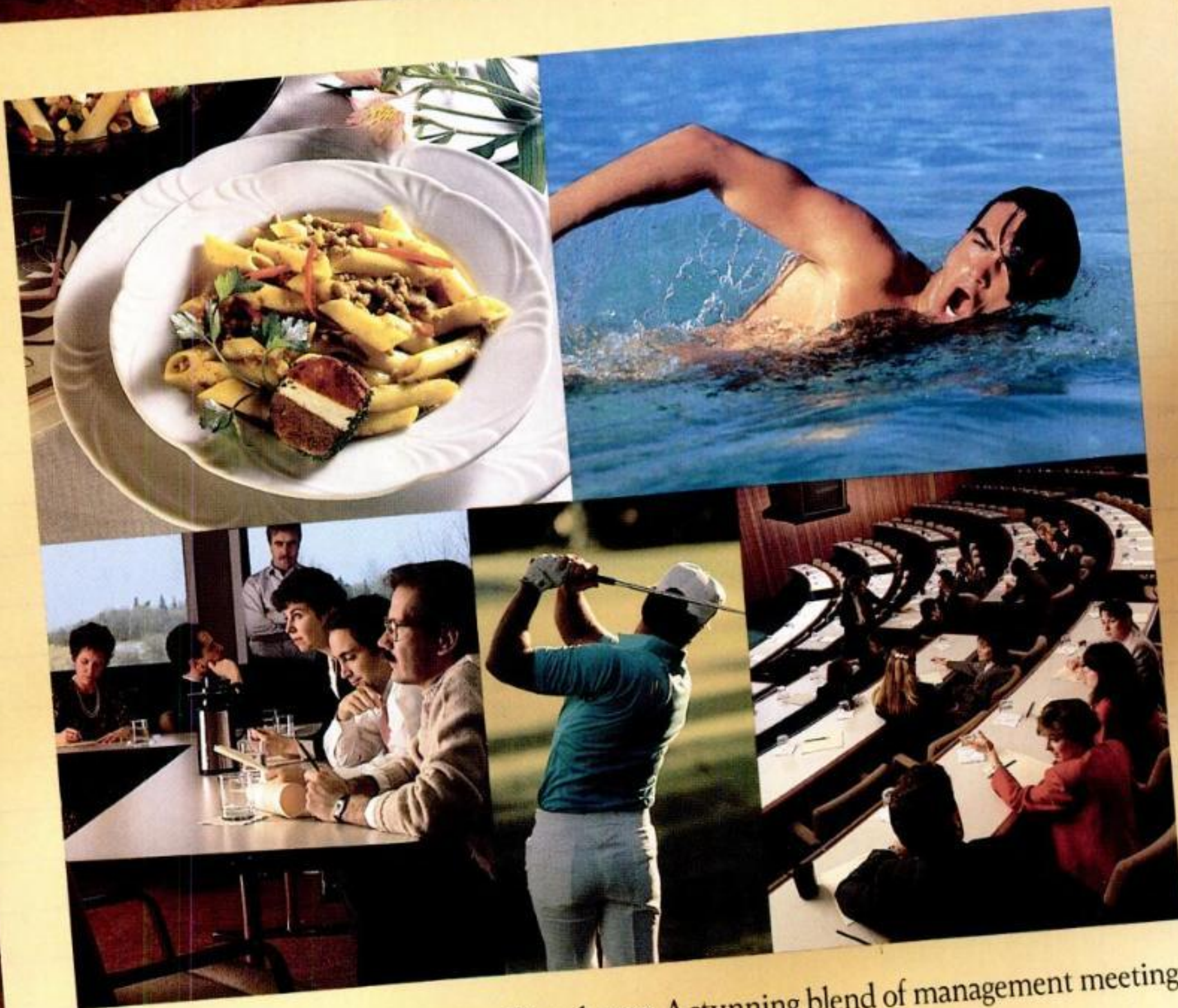
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